The Outlook

AUGUST 31, 1921

A KING OF COURAGE

KING PETER of Serbia died in Belgrade on August 16 at the age of seventy-eight. He was seventy-one when in 1914 Austria sent its humiliating ultimatum to Serbia and set its armies in motion to threaten that Balkan kingdom's independent existence. King Peter had every excuse for remaining at home—his age, illness (he was deaf and partly sightless), the fact that he had temporarily abdicated. But he was not that kind of a king; he resumed his throne, went to the front, urged his army into fierce action, fired the country with resolution. At one critical juncture in 1914 he went into the front trenches and took part in the counter-attack which rewon Belgrade to Serbia, to be held until Mackensen's invasion the next year crushed resistance. To his high spirit and inspiration of others was largely due the splendid resistance made by Serbia to Austrian aggression.

The horror of the assassination of Peter's predecessor, Alexander, and his queen left a dark shadow on Peter's throne. The slaughter of the two royal personages, the Prime Minister, and several others was the work of a group of army officers. No evidence was adduced of knowledge of the plot by Peter. The fact that he quickly accepted the throne and that he was supported by the enemies of Alexander caused his rule to be looked at askance by some of the Powers—Great Britain did not recognize the new Serbian government for years. It should be remembered that the excitement that led to the assassination was not merely, as many suppose, rivalry between the Obrenovitch dynasty represented by Alexander and the Karageorgevitchs, of whom Peter was the leader. The cause was deeper; Alexander supported Austria, and even in 1903, when the killing took place, Serbians knew that Austria meant to absorb their country. Peter stood also for the constitution that Alexander had suspended by royal decree.

There was something picturesque and almost feudal about Peter's career and person. He fought as a young man in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. He aided Herzegovina's revolt a few years later. In camp, in battle, and in exile, he was for half a century a striking, audacious figure.

RUSSIAN RELIEF IN SIGHT

IT is gratifying to learn through despatches from Riga that a definite agreement has been concluded between the American Relief Administration and the Soviet Government under which relief from America is to reach the famine victims of Russia. This document was signed by Maxim Litvinoff for the Soviets and Mr. Walter L. Brown on behalf of Mr. Hoover. Under its terms full authority and power to act without restraint or delays are given the American Committee. There is every prospect

(C) International

KING PETER OF SERBIA

that the work will be carried on vigorously and with all possible administrative economy, as has been the case with everything in which Mr. Hoover has taken the lead.

It was natural that the representative of the Soviet Government should take the opportunity to make a plea for a better understanding between the Russian and the American peoples. The suspicion and lack of confidence to which he referred, however, are not between the peoples of the two countries, but between the arbitrary and tyrannical men now held in power by sheer force in Russia and the free peoples of the world—for of all peoples in large countries to-day the Russians, in our opinion, are the least free.

Recent reports from Russia confirm all that has been said about the distress and suffering in the Volga region, now said to be like a desert. The director of the Russian Red Cross, Dr. Georges Lodygensky, lately reached Paris. He fears that at least seven million people must perish in the Volga. The great difficulty is in reaching these people with relief, for transportation has completely broken down. Meanwhile, Dr. Lodygensky says, we have the pitiful and horrible spectacle in this area of "a great migrating mass, fleeing like a lost man in the woods, in circles, pursued by the inevitable attendants of famine—scurvy, typhus, and cholera—destroying everything and leaving behind a trail of corpses which they do not even attempt to bury."

Apart from the special Volga district, Russia, according to Dr. Lodygensky, is partially paralyzed, and this, too, largely because of wretched transportation conditions, so that the country is overrun with homeless and hopeless refugees. Ultimately, although Dr. Lodygensky was very careful not to criticise directly the Soviet régime which he has been representing on the Red Cross, it is clear from what he says that the trouble is lack of any reorganization of Russia's shattered economic system. In other words, an insane theory of government has broken down precisely where intelligent minds would expect it to break down.

GREECE AND TURKEY

THE war now going on between Greece and Turkey finds its inception thousands of years back. It is the seemingly eternal conflict between Mohammedan and Christian.

At the close of the World War the success of Venizelos was so pronounced that the Paris Peace Commissioners assigned to Greece not only the indisputably Greek area about Smyrna in Asia Minor, but also Thrace and a large portion of Macedonia. Unfortunately, the unstable Greeks overthrew Venizelos and reinstated Constantine. The Powers, which were about to impose a treaty upon Turkey confirming the Greek territorial accessions, withdrew their financial support from Greece, and, indeed, even their moral support to the extent of inviting delegates of Turks to visit London to confer concerning a readaptation of the Treaty. One delegation represented the

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Wide World Photos

MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN AND MRS. MOLLA BJURSTEDT MALLORY

The photograph shows the victor, Mrs. Mallory, and Mlle. Lenglen, the vanquished, before the game

legitimate Government at Constantinople, and the other the rebel or Turkish "Nationalist" Government under Mustapha Kemal, whose capital had been established at Angora in Asia Minor. At the same time the Powers let it be known that any success at arms which the Greeks might achieve against the Turks would not be disputed.

Accordingly, Constantine made ready. His first campaign was unsuccessful, because, after having captured strategic points along the Bagdad Railway, which bisects Asia Minor, he was obliged to retire. His second campaign has been much more successful; he has recaptured these points, and has held them. As to his farther advance, however, into the mountains which separate him from Angora, he is not only a great distance from his source of supplies, but is also facing the certainty of guerrilla warfare, a kind in which the Turkish Nationalists excel.

As reported, the Turks have now gained the support of the Arabs of the Kingdom of Hedjaz, and this may amount to something material as well as moral.

Under these circumstances, it is not altogether surprising that the Paris Supreme Council should have been considering not only the problem of Upper Silesia, but also the problem of Asia Minor.

MADEMOISELLE LENGLEN

TENNIS is rapidly becoming a major sport, if it has not already become so. This must be the conclusion of all observers who saw Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory defeat the distinguished young French player, Mademoiselle Lenglen, at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Long Island, two weeks ago. To be sure, the test in which these two great tennis players competed in the tournament for the woman's championship of America was not completed, for Mademoiselle Lenglen, after having been beaten in the first set and in two games of the second, abandoned the contest in a fashion which was somewhat theatrical and must have been for her somewhat tragic. She had arrived from France only two days before and had a slight bronchial cough as a result of an attack of bronchitis from which she was recovering. It was perhaps too much, under these circumstances, to expect her to play the game which has led European and English experts to regard her as the greatest woman tennis player that ever lived. Indeed, the game she played under adverse conditions was in its grace, accuracy, and skill probably sufficient to have beaten almost any other woman than Mrs. Mallory, whom the French girl kept forcing from side to side in deep back court play in an extraordinary fashion. But the endurance, muscular power, and determination exhibited by Mrs. Mallory, who is a Norwegian by birth, on this historic occasion, was worthy of the football field. That is why we call tennis a major sport.

Mrs. Mallory has since completed the tournament by winning the American championship for the sixth time, beating some of the greatest American women players, such as Mrs. Bundy (Miss Sutton) and Miss Mary Browne. As tennis players Mrs. Mallory and Mademoiselle Lenglen are without doubt in a class by themselves. There seems now to be a possibility that a personal match will be arranged between these two players before the French girl returns to her home. We hope such a contest will take place. While Mrs. Mallory is an American by adoption and marriage, she is a Norwegian by birth. Students of ethnology as well as of athletics will be glad to see such a personal contest. It would throw light on the question whether the muscular strength of the northern races or the nervous grace and finish of the southern races are the most effective in physical prowess. There is a moral as well as a physical power of endurance. Mlle. Lenglen failed to display this quality in her first contest with Mrs. Mallory. We hope she will have and seize the opportunity to retrieve herself in respect of this quality of sportsmanship so remarkably displayed by her countryman Carpentier.

GIVE IT A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

"THE thing has never had what I would call a Chinaman's chance." So said Mr. Lasker, head of the United States Shipping Board, the other day concerning it. "It is a sick patient," he also averred. It certainly is.

At the close of 1916 there was a fearful dearth of ships. Fantastic prices were paid for new tonnage. To crown all, there was already a German threat of ruthless submarine campaigns.

Accordingly the United States Shipping Board was formed to build boats. It has done that. It now controls nearly seventeen hundred. Its accomplishment in the number of ships constructed, tonnage secured, and the time in which this was all done constitutes a most notable achievement in shipbuilding.

But the Board has paid dear. Its operations have cost the taxpayer about $3,500,000,000, a greater sum than any

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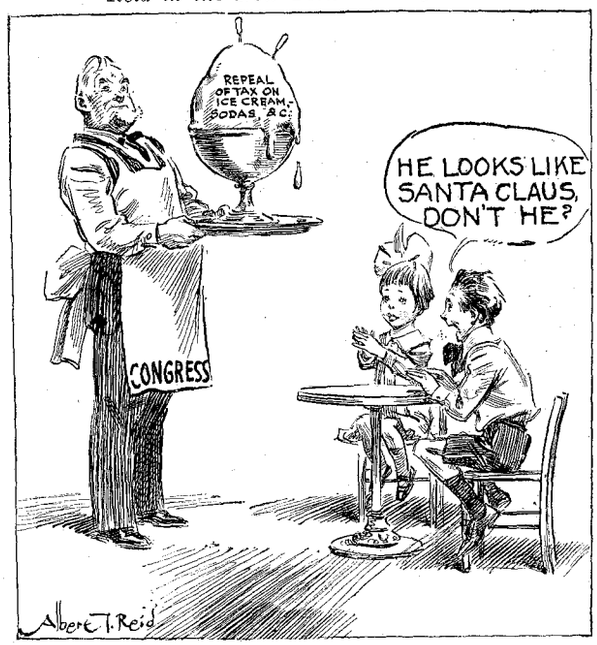
KNOW YOU OF THIS TAXATION?

(Henry VIII, I, 2)

Reid in the New York Evening Mail



HIS TREAT

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune

TAXES
Dear Mister Tarpayer:- In order to lighten the weight of your suit I have cut off the buttons! --Yours truly, Congress
TAXES
P.S. You will find the buttons in the inside coat pocket! ---- C
Thiele

REVISING THE BURDEN

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

DOG DAY DOINGS

Darling in the Philadelphia North American

TIMOTHY'S OUT IN THE BARN HITCHING UP

From A. A. Way, Landenberg, Pa.

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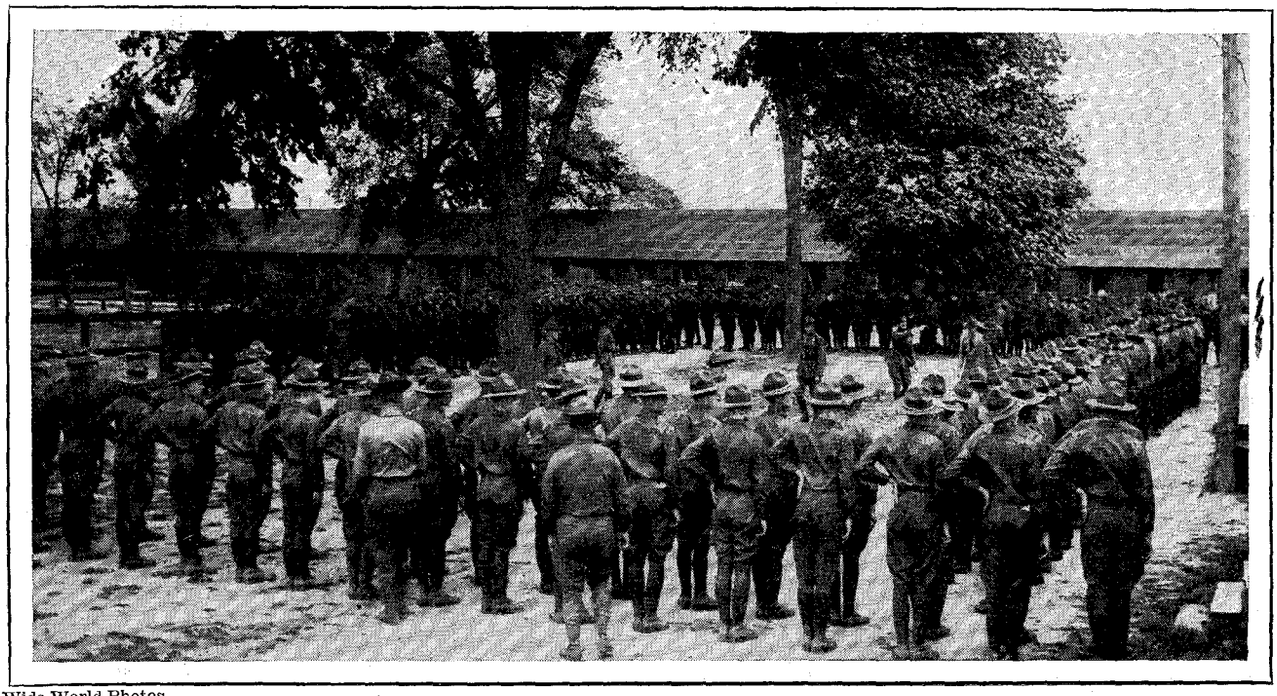

Wide World Photos

MILITARY TRAINING AT PLATTSBURG AGAIN

Plattsburg is once more the scene of military training, and pre-war days are brought back to us with the sight of the young men in the uniform of the United States Army—men who form the Provisional Regiment of the Citizens' Army Training Corps. The photograph shows the First Battalion being instructed in close-order drill, "right dress," etc.

ever expended by a corporation in a similar period of time. Nor is this the worst. Much of the money has been wastefully spent. There is no evidence, however, to prove that dishonest or fraudulent motives have actuated any members of the Shipping Board.

A particularly distressing fact about the Board's losses is that a very great amount occurred during the fiscal year which ended with June 30 last. This is the more distressing when we reflect that this largest business in the world's history was permitted to drift from June, 1920, to June, 1921.

The Merchant Marine Act of 1920 increased the Shipping Board to seven members. President Wilson made recess appointments. When Congress reconvened, the Senate refused to confirm his appointments. President Harding was prevented from appointing a Chairman, and so did not appoint members of the Board until June, 1921.

SHALL WE HAVE A MERCHANT MARINE

THE new Chairman of the Shipping Board has made one pertinent rejoinder to the oft-repeated criticism that our useless ships should have been sold during 1919 and the early part of 1920, prior to the slump in prices. So they should have been. But, Mr. Lasker says, if we had sold them we might have had most of them back now—in other words, the ships sold would necessarily have been sold on time, and when the slump came and the companies were unable to meet their payments most of the vessels would probably have been turned back to the Shipping Board.

Congress has been lax and deserves to bear some of the responsibility. Not only did it not heed the President's request to define the policy it desired the Shipping Board to pursue, not only did it decline to direct an *immediate* sale of the extra ships, but even as late as a year ago last June it authorized the Board to sell ships "as soon as practicable," and, instead of directing the Board to stop building ships, it declared that the Board should have authority to complete any construction work. Even a provision for entirely new construction was inserted.

On August 22 it was announced that 205 of the wooden ships constructed during the war had been sold for $2,100 apiece. This sale graphically illustrates our present condition. The Government may be congratulated on getting anything for these boats; it was costing nearly $50,000 a month to care for them in the James River, where they are at anchor. They have been sold to the Ship Construction and Trading Company, the only organization that would put in a bid for them, when, for the third time, they were offered for sale. Each of the ships cost the Government several hundred thousand dollars apiece.

PLATTSBURG AGAIN

THE month of August, 1921, sees a return to the original "Plattsburg idea." Beginning August 7, eight hundred young men without previous military training detrained at Plattsburg and began a month's work in the Citizens' Military Training Camp on the site of the war-time Plattsburg Camp. Some seventy-five instructors—regular army officers, reserve corps officers, and "non-coms"—are teaching the students the duties of the private in the Regular Army.

We have nine Corps Areas in the United States. The headquarters for the first is at Boston; for the second, Governor's Island, New York; for the third, Fort Howard, Maryland; for the fourth, Fort McPherson, Georgia; for the fifth, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; for the sixth, Fort Sheridan, Illinois; for the seventh, Fort Crook, Nebraska; for the eighth, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; and for the ninth, San Francisco, California.

In all the nine areas camps are to be held this summer, each being under the direct supervision of the Corps Area or Department Commander.

There are three courses of instruction. The red course provides basic training. The white course provides training for those who want to become non-commissioned officers in the Reserve. The blue course provides training for men who want to become Reserve officers.

The red course camps comprise elementary training and instruction for all candidates. This includes the duties of the private, small-arms firing practice, guard duties, camping and marching, hikes, care of equipment, individual cooking, personal hygiene and physical development, discipline and morale. Normally, five hours a day are devoted

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to practical military instruction. This is exclusive of the time given to physical training and the usual military ceremonies and an hour every day for gallery and range small-arms practice. There are no drills or instruction on Saturday afternoons or Sundays.

The chance for a life of upstanding American manhood, on a basis of equality, with transportation, uniforms, subsistence, and even laundry service furnished at the expense of the United States, has appealed to a very large number of young men. Five times as many applied in the Second Corps Area (comprising New York, New Jersey, and Delaware) as could be accommodated. Those who failed of admittance are envying their successful competitors, despite any present hardships in the intricacies of squad movement or the discomforts of the army pack. The unsuccessful applicants have been put on a preference list for the camps of 1922.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER

On August 18 the New York "Times" celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its career under the management of its present owner, Mr. Adolf Ochs—a career which reflects credit upon the "Times," upon Mr. Ochs, and upon American journalism at large.

When Mr. Ochs took charge of the paper on August 18, 1896, he was a young man of thirty-eight whose journalistic experience was that of publisher and proprietor of a daily newspaper in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The New York "Times" had enjoyed an honorable record under the management of its founder, Mr. George O. Jones. It had been successful both as a property and as a newspaper. One of its great achievements had been the exposure of the Tweed Ring. But its circulation had fallen to 9,000 copies and it was in financial difficulties. It was under these conditions that Mr. Ochs took hold of the property. In twenty-five years he has made it, we think it is wholly within the truth to say, the greatest newspaper in the United States and one of the greatest newspapers in the world. There are other journals that have a larger circulation. There may be other journals that make a larger profit on their investment. But there is no daily journal in this country that we know of that makes a more complete or a better arranged presentation of the news.

We do not always agree with the editorial position of the "Times." For that matter, we have learned by a somewhat painful experience that nobody always agrees with our own editorial position. But what the really reasonable man wants in a newspaper is an intelligent and wise selection of the news, and a well-informed and well-written interpretation of the news on the editorial page. The New York "Times" fills this function of a newspaper admirably.

Moreover, it has proved that a respectable and self-respecting newspaper can be made a success as a piece of property. What it has achieved in twenty-five years managed on these admirable lines is indicated by the fact that it now has on its staff 1,885 persons and does a gross business of $15,000,000 a year, and not only manufactures itself typographically but even manufactures some of the paper on which its utterances are printed.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Ochs and his associates.

HOME BREW

It all depends upon the point of view whether the observer thinks that prohibition in the United States is a failure. Some ordinarily intelligent critics seem to believe that it was "put over" upon an unwilling people by a small group of fanatics. Hudson Maxim, the inventor, is one of these critics. He says: "It has been amply proved over and over again by undeniable and unimpeachable evidence upon the subject that the great mass of the American people throughout the country are overwhelmingly opposed to the present type of drastic prohibition."

It seems to us absurd for a man accustomed to statistics and scientific formulæ to make a sweeping statement of this kind. The fact is that the country has had no opportunity since the Prohibition Amendment was enacted to vote in a great and solemn referendum upon the question whether the importation, manufacture, and sale of alcoholic beverages shall be prohibited. Such statistics as we can gather, such reports as we hear, and such history as we read indicate that at least a majority of the people of the United States are in favor of prohibiting the use of alcohol as a beverage. The steady growth of local option and State prohibition during the last twenty-five years at least indicates this. The growth of medical opinion has been towards the conclusion that alcohol is not a beverage but a drug and is to be treated both by society and by the law as a toxic drug. At all events, the Prohibition Amendment has been embodied in the Constitution with the approval of most of the State Legislatures and with the apparent approval of a majority of the voters supporting those Legislatures. It will be a long time before it is repealed, if it is ever repealed. The duty of all good citizens is now to see that it is fairly enforced and that the experiment of classifying alcohol as a toxic drug, to be taken only with the greatest care and under medical necessity, shall be put to the test of honest trial.

We are not going to fall into the error of Hudson Maxim and make a sweeping statement as to what the result of such a trial will be. But we are inclined to believe that if a whiskyless and saloonless régime is honestly maintained for twenty-five years, the American babies now being born will when they reach their majority no more think of taking alcohol for pleasure than any normal citizen now thinks of taking cocaine or heroin. There are drug addicts to-day and there probably always will be drug addicts, but nine men and women out of ten go through life in this country not only without using narcotic drugs for pleasure, but without even knowing anything about the illicit sale or use of such drugs. It is conceivable that we may reach a stage of civilization in which alcohol will take its place in this respect with pernicious drugs.

The way to accomplish this result, however—a result which we believe desirable and worth working for—is to devote the energies of the law and its officers to the enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment without frittering away effort in theatrical and futile attempts to interfere with private vice if there are people who wish to indulge in private vice. If there are people who think it is either fun or smart or productive of happiness to make home brew in a saucepan over the kitchen stove, we should let them go on doing it. Most of them will get tired before long and stop of their own accord. It is an established right in English history that a man's house shall not be entered without a warrant and that a warrant for entering cannot be obtained without presumptive indication that crime is being committed in the house.

The Prohibition Amendment forbids the manufacture, importation, or sale of intoxicating alcoholic beverages, and the Volstead Act, which has been declared Constitutional, defines an intoxicating alcoholic beverage as anything containing more than half of one per cent of alcohol. Law enforcement should be directed to seeing that there is no importation or manufacture for sale of such beverages. The need for enforcement of this kind is graphically told in an article elsewhere in this issue.

Some of the believers in prohibition of alcoholic drinks are despondent and some anti-prohibitionists are jubilant because there are so many reports of illicit stills and illicit sale of alcoholic drinks in various parts of the country. As we said at the beginning of this editorial, the conclusions of the observer on this subject are determined by the point of view very largely. Those who frequent gatherings of all sorts, fashionable and

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otherwise, doubtless here and there see a good deal of "hootch." Of course the cartoonists seize upon the subject as one furnishing a rich vein for their pleasantries. We believe, however, that the sober facts show a very remarkable indication on the part of the people at large to respect law and a remarkable improvement in the conditions of crime and disease which, as physicians and scientists have always known, result from the indiscriminate use of alcohol. It is extraordinary how even in the big cities, which might have been expected to rebel with violence against prohibition, the mass of the population have accepted the new conditions. Open saloons have practically vanished from cities like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis. The alcoholic wards of the city hospitals show a great reduction in both emergency cases and chronic patients suffering from alcoholism and its attending diseases. In the recent terrific hot spell in New York City the heat prostrations were almost nil, whereas in the days of the corner saloon the hospitals kept the ice-pack going day and night for patients overcome by the heat on the street.

A fair-minded man will not say that the millennium has come because of the Eighteenth Amendment. But it provides an opportunity for an extremely interesting and probably valuable experiment in the progress of civilization. If the experiment is going to be a success, the home-brew saucepanites cannot stop it. It is the duty of the Government vigorously and rigorously to punish and prevent the manufacture and importation for sale of alcoholic beverages. This work, if honestly carried on, will give the Government all it can do, and it can afford to ignore the saucepanites so long as they do not commit crime or indulge in disorder.

HENRY FORD AS A RAILWAY MAN

A YEAR ago Henry Ford purchased the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton Railroad. He paid sixty cents on the dollar for the road's bonds, five cents on the dollar for its preferred stock, and one cent on the dollar for its common stock, and the owners of the road were glad to turn it over to him at this price. Professor Hoagland, of Ohio State University, gives the facts of this purchase and a summary of the condition of the road at the time of its purchase in a recent issue of the New York "Times." He also reports concerning the development work carried on by Henry Ford and his associates since the road came into their hands.

It appears that when Henry Ford bought the road it had a history liberally sprinkled with a succession of receiverships and reorganizations. The last reorganization took place in 1914, and at this time the bondholders turned into the treasury of the company almost as much money as they received from Mr. Ford. In the year of this reorganization the road spent for operation and maintenance more than half as much again as it earned. According to Professor Hoagland, Mr. Ford has completely reorganized the personnel of his company, has placed the road on an eight-hour basis, has filed an application with the Inter-State Commerce Commission calling for a flat decrease of twenty per cent on all rates local to its lines, has put new capital into equipment and laid down heavier rails and better ballasted roadbed.

Mr. Ford has cut the force of railway employees from 2,700 to 1,650, in the face of more traffic than the road has ever handled before. He has materially reduced the number of damage claims, has cut the expenses for clearing wreckage in half, the fuel bills for yard locomotives by one-third, and has established a ratio between the money received for revenue and the cost of operation and maintenance of 100 to 53.

Railway men have not been slow to point out that Henry Ford's experiment is by no means proof that similar methods and similar management applied to the great railways of the country would be similarly effective. They have pointed out the fact that Henry Ford himself is in a position to give his new railway some $2,000,000 freight revenue every year, and that his road by a judicious transfer of this traffic to other lines is in a position to invite, if not to compel, the routing of traffic of an equal amount over its line, which might possibly otherwise have been sent elsewhere. Of course such a "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" policy has not been unknown in American railway practice prior to the advent of Henry Ford.

The success of Henry Ford in taking a desperately sick road and infusing it with the blood of new capital and new energy to the advantage of the public and his own pocket-book proves that the Detroit wizard has lost nothing of that shrewd imagination and vision which have raised him financially from the status of a mechanic to a multi-millionaire within the space of less than three decades. Henry Ford's financial vision may be defined as the power to see big things simply. It is a power which he has applied with astounding success within that narrow field of intellectual endeavor limited by his experience.

IRELAND'S FUTURE

THE whole Irish situation is full of anomalies. The most striking is the dual government in Southern Ireland—one existing by British authority and with British police and army behind it, the other the secretly organized Irish Republic, with a President, an army that boasts in its favorite song that "Active Service Means Being on the Run," and a Parliament, the Dail Eireann, issuing edicts from furtive meetings. To-day, however, the Dail Eireann is in open session in Dublin, its main purpose to consider and act upon the terms of peace proposed by Lloyd George for the British Government. Whatever results from the negotiations, it is evident that the Sinn Fein will claim it has at least been recognized as an organized belligerent, while heretofore it has been treated as a band of murderous conspirators.

On both sides it is constantly said that if negotiations fail the war will be resumed. If what has gone on in Ireland the past year or two is war, it is a new kind. The revolutionists have no forces in the field. Since the organized outbreak of April, 1916, in Dublin, the only act which may be regarded as open warfare was the attack on the Dublin Custom House last June. Even the phrase guerrilla warfare does not describe the facts. On the Sinn Fein side there have been innumerable assassinations, burning of houses and kidnappings; on the British side there have been thousands of arrests, the killing of those who resisted arrest, and some unauthorized reprisals by armed constabulary whose comrades had been shot from ambush. If this is the kind of war that is to be resumed, the prospects of self-government in Ireland are dark. But it may fairly be hoped that the present effort to substitute reason for violence, even though it fails for the time, may make the anarchy of the recent past an impossibility for the future.

Ulster as the point of disagreement still looms in the discussion. This takes the debate back to the point reached just before the Great War broke out—Ulster refusing to be included in the Home Rule scheme for all Ireland, Southern Ireland insisting that Ulster should be included, willingly or not. The other day Mr. De Valera said that there was no Ireland mentioned in Lloyd George's terms, "only two broken pieces of Ireland." Yet there still remains hope that the Dail Eireann may consent to a dual dominion plan, relying on General Smuts's faith that in the end Ulster would find a way to accept the idea of a United Ireland. The threats of economic pressure amounting to a boy-

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cott against Ulster products by Southern Ireland are, however, injuring the chances of a solution of the Ulster difficulty.

Lloyd George's declaration before Parliament that the concessions offered by him to the Sinn Fein leaders were liberal to the possible limit was firm and clear. The next move, as we write, is with the Dail Eireann and Mr. DeValera. The latter at present seems to be laying stress on his assertion that the Dominion proposed would be less free and independent than that of Canada or Australia. General Smuts thinks differently. In one speech De Valera declared, "We cannot, we will not, on behalf of this people accept these terms." Yet other of his utterances indicate a hope that something may be found less than absolute independence or acknowledged right to secede on Ireland's part, which may insure what he described as an opportunity for the Irish people "of working out for themselves their own national life in their own way."

When we consider how enormously more liberal are the concessions now offered to Irish national sentiment than those contained in Mr. Gladstone's two Home Rule bills of 1886 and 1893, it seems deplorable that the great Liberal statesman could not then convince Parliament of the need of some recognition of the Irish ideal of "Ireland for the Irish." A little spirit of concession and mutual friendliness at that time might have saved long years of bitterness and bloodshed.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

TWO PRAYERS

THIS morning I read in "Prayers of the Ages" the following prayer to Jupiter, said to have been written by Cleanthes about 210 B.C.:

"O Thou who hast many names, but whose power is infinite and uncommunicated! O Jupiter, first of immortals, sovereign of nature, who governest all, who subjectest all to thy law, I worship thee; for man is permitted to invoke thee. Everything that lives or creeps, everything mortal on earth is from thee, and of thee but an imperfect image. I will address to thee my hymns, and will never cease to celebrate thee.

"This universe expanded over our heads, and which seems to roll around the earth, is obedient to thee alone; and at thy command are its motions in silence performed. Thunder, the executioner of thy will, is launched by thy invincible arm. Endowed with immortal life, it strikes, and nature is appalled.

"Thou directest the universal mind that animates the whole, and that exists in all thy creatures; so unlimited and supreme is thy power, O king! Nothing in heaven, on the earth, or in the sea, is produced without thee, except the evil that proceeds from the heart of the wicked.

"Thou bringest order out of confusion, and by thee is the jarring of the elements composed. Thou hast so mingled good and evil, that general and universal harmony is established. The wicked alone, amongst all thy creatures, disturb this general harmony.

"O God! from whom all blessings descend, whom the storm and the thunder obey, preserve us from error; deign to inform our minds; attach us to that eternal reason by which thou art guided and supported in the government of the world; that being ourselves honored we may also honor thee, as becomes feeble and mortal beings, by celebrating thy works in an uninterrupted hymn; for neither the inhabitant of earth nor the inhabitant of heaven can be engaged in a service more noble than that of celebrating the divine mind which presides over Nature."

I asked myself could any prayer surpass this pagan prayer in its expression of reverence for the Great God, sovereign of nature, who has many names, but whose power is infinite and uncommunicated. Then I turned to that prayer with which we are so familiar that its inner meaning is often lost to us:

"After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The pagan reveres the power and wisdom of the Creator and Ruler of the universe and confesses the littleness and meanness of human ambitions contrasted with the life of Him who brings order out of confusion. The Christian also reveres the Great King and consecrates himself to a service with the Great King in this work of bringing order out of confusion upon the earth. And then he nestles into the arms of a providing, pardoning, and protecting Father.

The difference between paganism and Christianity is not a difference of names and titles, nor a difference of creeds and rituals. It is not that the pagan calls God Brahm and the Christian calls him God, nor that the pagan worships in a temple with sacrifices and the Christian worships in a church with prayers and hymns. The difference is one between stages of spiritual development. Paganism reveres the unknown Ruler of the universe; the Christian reveres a heavenly Father, his constant Companion, his nearest, dearest, and best-known Friend. Paganism is the outer court of the temple; Christianity is the Holy of Holies in the same temple.

THE ARMS CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

A POLL OF THE PRESS

IN 1920 William Edgar Borah, United States Senator from Idaho, offered a resolution calling upon the President to begin negotiations looking to a disarmament parley.

In May and June of the present year the Senate and House passed the resolution.

In July President Harding approached Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan with a view to holding a conference to consider the limitation of armaments and issues relating to the Pacific Ocean. This addition of the problems of the Pacific went beyond the purview of the Borah resolution, as did the inclusion of other countries than Great Britain and Japan in the President's invitation. Mr. Borah's reported manifestation of displeasure was thus treated by the St. Paul "Pioneer Press:"

> Clearly, what Senator Borah wants to do is to tackle the symptoms without bothering with the disease. He wants to quash the effects without removing the cause. . . . But the fact is that the linking of disarmament with the unsettled problems of the Pacific was a statesmanlike conception. For those problems are the key to the whole situation. . . . Japan, once the questions in dispute between her and the United States are settled, can abate her naval burdens, as it is this country alone that she fears. And the United States, keeping remote from European bickerings, and on terms of friendship and mutual confidence with Great Britain and France, and with no policies in the Pacific and the Far East not sus-

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ceptible to satisfactory adjustment, needs only to convince Japan thereof to modify its own naval programme.

In August the President sent formal invitations to the above nations and to China asking them to meet in Washington on November 11, Armistice Day.

JAPANESE OPINION

From no nation was the answer more anxiously awaited than from Japan, and Japan was the one country to send a qualified acceptance. This attitude was not unnatural. The Kobe "Japan Chronicle," doubtless thinking of Yap and Shantung, somewhat acidly said that the Pacific has "received rather more attention of late than it deserves." An additional irritation was found in the fact that the American Government invited China to take part in the Arms Conference. Japan insisted upon excluding from the Conference certain "alleged accomplished facts." According to the Tokyo "Asahi Shimbun" (the Morning Sun), twenty-one topics, including Yap, Shantung, and Siberia, would be excluded by Japan from the Conference on this ground. The Tokyo "Nichi Nichi" (The Daily) declared that "peace and prosperity form the world's ideal" and that "reduction of armaments must be the first step to attain this purpose." "The demand of the people grows continually for relief from the burden of armament," according to the Osaka "Asahi Shimbun." The Tokyo "Jiji Shimpo" (Current Problems) declares that "the intelligent elements of Japan are sincerely anxious that the object of limitation of armaments be attained," at the same time warning the disarmament leaders that "they must also pay close attention to the manner of controlling the movement lest they be suspected of some ulterior motive."

The influence of the "intelligent elements" to which "Jiji" refers was recognized by the two principal political parties in appointing committees to investigate the reduction of armament expenditures. Even more significant is the action of the Kosei Party in the House of Peers of the Japanese Parliament in voicing the opinion that the public favored limitation of armament because of the increase of taxes and declaring high prices would not fall until reduction could be made in armament expenditure. The Tokyo "Asahi," commenting on this, points out that heretofore the House of Peers has always emphasized and endorsed plans for the country's military defense and that its present step is therefore a turning-point in the country's history.

As the result of the campaign led by Yuzio Ozaki, late Minister of Justice, showing that nine-tenths of the voters, who could be reached by a system of straw-voting, favored armament limitation, the popular approval of President Harding's invitation was evident.

FRENCH OPINION

In France, like Japan, the opinion was also favorable and acutely expressed. The "Journal des Débats," always somewhat skeptical, and assuming that the real reason for the Conference was to discuss the Pacific problem, remarked that the American invitation saved the British Cabinet from a very bad situation. That was to say, that a round-table discussion of Pacific problems would relieve the tension concerning the renewing of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, also that the United States would be quick to grasp the opportunity to iron out the knotty Pacific problem. It added: "Let us note that, if in convoking the Powers to discuss Pacific affairs, President Harding also proposes to discuss disarmament, it is above all because the American masses demand practical measures."

The widely read Paris "Matin," in the course of an evidently inspired editorial, declares that there are two aspects to the Washington Conference. It agrees with the "Débats" that "at first glance it is a meeting, suggested by the British Dominions, to associate the United States with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, or at least to prevent this Alliance from being regarded as a menace by American opinion. But President Harding has changed the character of the Conference toward limitation of armament."

The Paris "Temps," as usual reflecting the main body of intelligent opinion in France, proposes this practical question:

> What new guaranties are going to be established to prevent war in Europe? That question proposes itself right at the beginning, if land disarmament is to be discussed at Washington. . . . The day the Treaty of Versailles was signed, two guaranties were created against a European conflict—one that the Covenant of the League of Nations made all the signatory Powers guarantors of the new frontiers of Europe, and, second, that the Franco-British and Franco-American agreements promised armed aid to France in case she was again attacked by Germany. The second of these guaranties has vanished, and the first is not very dependable.

Nevertheless, these papers and all others unite in the statement that President Harding's invitation is good news and that there is nothing in it to threaten the legitimate rights of France. It is indeed natural that the first and foremost reserve in French opinion is that there can be no reduction of their army so long as they have no other guaranty than that army against German aggression.

ENGLISH OPINION

In England the Harding invitation was received with far greater wholehearted enthusiasm than in either Japan or France. The London "Daily Mail" declares that the President's message surpasses in importance all other current doings of whatever moment. The "Daily Express" says that "it is a bright augury for the peace of the whole world that the President has now dissolved the fog of mystery which has hung over the question of international disarmament. This country will gladly respond to the call." The London "Evening News" assures us that "if the President's desires are realized by a fair and perfectly possible limitation of armaments, the British people will be as ready as America to do him honor." The London "Times" affirms that the statement is both "momentous" and "timely," that it opens "a new and hopefully fruitful phase of the Pacific problem," and that:

> The task of the proposed Conference will be as delicate and, unless discerningly approached, as dangerous as any that any conference ever essayed to discharge. Not even the Peace Conference at Paris had to face issues vaster or fraught with greater possibilities of good and evil to the world.

Referring further to the Paris Conference (and with evident implication as to Washington), the "Times" adds:

> Its lack of method, its practice of approaching haphazard the most complicated problems, and its errors in allowing the heads of Governments to address themselves first hand to matters that ought to have been carefully threshed out in advance by expert subordinates, made it a by-word among all who understand the importance of sound method and careful procedure.

The London "Daily Telegraph" concludes that President Harding's invitation to the Washington Conference is "an act of the first historical significance," adding, as do the other papers, that "the President's breadth of vision and earnestness of purpose will be received with the warmest tribute."

AMERICAN OPINION

The English press has been "pouring superlatives," as the New York "Times" says, over President Harding's plan. . . . They speak of it as an 'earth-shaking event,' a 'turning point in history,' and so on." These characterizations, the "Times" thinks, "are only partly born of the enthusiasm and eagerness which now exists in England for co-operation with the United States. They reflect also the pervasive concern over the failure, up to the present, of the Great War to make an end of war." In this attempt, as the "Times" concedes, "time is on the President's side," and "a standard has been raised to which all who long for peace with security will repair."

Not only this Independent Democratic paper, but the dyed-in-the-wool Democratic New York "World" praises the President and his Secretary of State—who is doubtless the real author of the Conference—as highly as do the journals of his own party, and that is saying a great deal. The "World" even asserts that the proposal for the Conference "is not only the most important action yet taken by this Administration, but it is the most important undertaking in the way of international relations since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles." Despite the fact that our Senate has rejected the League, "Mr. Harding is working with four of the principal members of the League to

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carry out one of the League's great objects." . . . To the "World" Mr. Harding's invitation is "doubly gratifying. There were times when it seemed as if the President failed to appreciate the gravity of the issue or to understand the seriousness of the question of competitive armament in respect to the associated economic life of the world. . . . He did nothing to further the general course of disarmament until it was plain that Congress could no longer be restrained. . . . The President has now generously atoned for any mistakes that he made in the earlier stages of the discussion. . . . Mr. Harding's invitation is a manifestation of statements of the first order. It is world leadership."

THE BOILING-POT OF ITALY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY ELBERT BALDWIN

THE daily press publishes reports of riots and disturbances in Italy on the scale of warfare. Yet from Italy come repeated assertions of recuperation and progress. What explains this paradox? What are the actual conditions obtaining?

But a short time ago I was jolting down the Rettifilo of Naples, the driver of my *carozza* threading his way with shouts and threats through the indescribable confusion of vehicles careening over the cobbles. The mouth of an alley opened a short, dark vista into the labyrinth of congested buildings crowding upon the thoroughfare.

Suddenly a commotion swirled on the corner about something hidden in its vortex.

Traffic halted. Passers-by sprang even from carriages to dive into the mêlée. There was a babble of shouting voices above an ominous undertone. As from between the paving stones, the picturesque police of Italy rose into presence. Short, sharp words and energetic prodding with rifle butts disintegrated the mass, from which emerged a triumphant cortège, uncertainly piping the first notes of a song and then bursting into the national anthem as it marched exuberantly down through the stalled traffic of the highway.

Something was borne off and hurried away in an ambulance.

Muttered words and angry glances, promise of further trouble, followed the departing and provocative column.

What was it all about?

Immediately, it concerned a Socialist agitator, a Communist, run foul of a group of *fascisti*, ex-army men for the most part, neo-militarists, extreme nationalists. Followed a recognition, a beating, an impromptu parade of victors, while the pulpy mass of the victim was hurried off to the hospital.

Symptomatically, it was a collision of the two militant parties of Italy, Socialist and Nationalist, which seem determined, by their very bitterness and insistence, to divide the nation to extremes and to embroil the greater part of the population, wholly sympathetic with neither the one party nor the other, into civil war.

Three years ago the Chamber of Deputies at Rome presented a mere handful of Socialist delegates. To-day the Chamber of Deputies has become Socialistic in the majority!

To-day the Socialist delegation is conservative in the majority. To-morrow, if the trend of events continues in Italy which is turning the voter and his delegate into the extremes of one camp or the other, Italy as a nation will be split between the radical wings of opposing parties.

On the one hand is Socialism; it is the music but not the meaning of the word to which the mass of the Italian proletariat responds, moderated by individuals of greater intelligence and maturity. On the other hand is the Nationalistic party, the *fascisti*, offspring of the war, organized, ambitious, protagonists of the present form of government, of the present social order, and of Italian territorial expansion which cannot but be considered excessive.

Of the two parties, the *fascisti* are comparatively the more extreme, in so far that the party represents the educated classes, unintelligently and bitterly opposed to greater class equality. It must be admitted that the *fascisti* have shown courage in suppressing extremes of social eruption. It must, however, further be admitted that they have used means as brutal and atrocious as those to which the least advanced of their opponents might resort, and that the antagonistic attitude of this party has sharpened the social issue in Italy and hindered its more normal evolution.

No middle party has yet gained popular support in Italy. The demand for such a party, though probably inarticulate within the nation, remains distrustful of the necessary compromise of issues. For Italy, like every nation governed by its heart and controlled too little by its intelligence, is in the hour of action a nation of extremes, all black or all white. Its life is the story of accession and recession, of waves of effort beating on a beach. A series of coalition Cabinets have come and gone. Such Cabinets will continue to come and go, to recombine and reproportion the elements at variance, while evolution and progress, which in Italy cannot be controlled and can be only partly guided by the individual, will work out its destiny with prevailing extravagance of effort, from the substance of the nation.

It is not in her action, but reaction, that Italy must be estimated. Her salvation lies in the native intelligence of the masses, an intelligence frequently submerged in moments of passion, reacting with the surety of a spring when the pressure of feeling has been spent. The great industrial upheaval of a year ago ended through no action of the Government—an instance of inspired inaction which should become historical—but through the reaction of the workers themselves, who had seized factories, converted them into an armed camp which only artillery could subdue, and defied the Government to oust them. The intensity of the Fiume issue, which led to the mad expedition of d'Annunzio, fizzled out with the reaction in Italy to national dignity.

If Italy and events in Italy are to be judged by the measure of less flexible nations, to-day Italy again borders close upon civil war. I could fill, not this article, but The Outlook in which it is published, with accounts of disturbances which have come to my knowledge, to many of which I have been witness during the past twenty-four months. Beneath a surface still for the most part orderly the blood of Italy is fevered with the illnesses following the war and common to the world, breaking into spasmodic eruption, to-day at Trieste, to-morrow in Naples, at the moment of writing at Sarzana, near Genoa, where, it is reported in a newspaper, twenty-five lives were lost as the result of an engagement between Communists and *fascisti* employing machine guns.

In the same daily paper is published the news that the new Bonomi Cabinet has received an overwhelming vote of confidence in its avowed purpose of suppressing just such disorders as have occurred at Sarzana, from whatever quarter they shall arise. One may well gasp at this typical contradiction to which Italy's national life gives expression. An understanding of the volatile Italian psychology may bring some understanding of her paradoxical ways.

If, as is indicated, the Government is now to step in between opposing factions, it has undertaken a task similar in many respects to that of Great Britain in Ireland. The outcome of actual measures is decidedly doubtful. It is quite conceivable that circumstance may eventually precipitate general civil war just as circumstance now provokes local eruptions of what is nothing less than civil war. Even in such event, however, though the pot boil over, it is again by the criterion, not of action, but of reaction, that Italy may be estimated.

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THE RISING TIDE OF PROHIBITION LAW VIOLATORS

BY GARRARD HARRIS

ARE the militant prohibitionists measuring up to their obligation and as whole-heartedly aiding in enforcement of the law for which they are responsible as they were in proselyting for its enactment?

Have they not ceased that active interest which was expected would persist and aid in the critical time of transformation of this country from a long-established condition to the exact opposite of that which has prevailed since its institution?

What of the increasing crop of law-breakers in letter and spirit—perjurers, liars, connivers, and accessories; the growing army of spies, informers, and enforcement officers upon the shoulders of the people?

What of the effect upon the children in many homes who are being taught violation and contempt for law by seeing the parents violate it by making "home brew" or home distillation, with the attendant secrecy, deceit, hypocrisy, and concealment?

Do not these things constitute as great a menace to the morals of the country—a more perniciously undermining influence of our citizenship—as the manufacture and sale of liquor under legalized conditions?

And, finally, is law enforcement adequately coping with the situation?

Alabama was one of the Southern States in which prohibition sentiment early manifested itself and grew until the prohibition element became the dominant force in politics. It is yet. A man could not be elected pound-keeper or beat constable unless he professed undying devotion to the cause. The head of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama has been accused of dictating to a Governor and exercising the veto power upon gubernatorial appointments. Certain it is that Legislatures have been largely composed of marionettes when this person pulled the strings. So the situation in Alabama may be taken as somewhat typical of the Southern aspect of the present in other Southern States, modified more or less according to local conditions, but still reasonably typical.

The "dry law" of Alabama is perhaps the most drastic of any. A noted judge and lawyer who was a fanatical prohibitionist drew the law. It has been accepted the country over as about the ultimate in sumptuary legislation, and other States have used this law as a model.

A man may not have even a teaspoonful of liquor in his house, sickness or no sickness. It is not procurable upon a doctor's prescription. A man is liable to a fine on up to $500 and a year on the chain-gang for merely having some in his possession. A drop, if proved, will sustain a conviction.

Should a person get in his automobile and carry a pocket flask with only a small "nip" in it, if the officers can catch him he is subject to the fine and imprisonment for having it in his possession. In addition, his automobile can be seized, condemned, and sold and the proceeds turned into the treasury.

Premises upon which liquor is made can be condemned and sold, as farms, houses, stores, and the like have been. There is a penitentiary sentence up to two years among the penalties for distillation. In addition, along comes the Federal Court and takes toll of punishment, and there are municipal ordinances to add the Pelion upon Ossa of legal pains and penalties.

There is a special flying squadron of "law enforcement officers" under the direct command of the Governor. They swoop down at unexpected times in communities where law enforcement on the prohibition question is lax, aid weak-kneed local officers or those overwhelmed by the situation, and frequently are able to accomplish that which the local officials cannot.

In addition, there is a reward of $50 for each conviction of a liquor maker or seller for furnishing the information or evidence upon which conviction is had, and officers are not debarred from participating in these rewards.

There is the Federal Prohibition Law enforcement squad of eighteen men, and there is the great army of sheriffs, constables, and policemen of incorporated communities. And yet it is a matter of common knowledge that liquor is easily obtainable in all the larger towns and cities of Alabama and in nearly every community!

The Federal forces seem the only ones with accurate data upon activities. In 1920 these officers destroyed 1,343 stills, confiscated and destroyed 2,000 gallons of liquor, poured out 1,611,600 barrels of "beer," as the primary ferment later to be distilled is called, and made 1,043 prosecutions for illicit retailing of liquor. Fifty-two automobiles were seized and confiscated, 29 mules and horses, and 11 wagons. Of a certainty these eighteen Federal officers have not been idle, but they have no more made an impression upon the "moonshine" industry than the man who attempts to bail out Lake Michigan with a bucket can lower the water level!

Most of the sheriffs have endeavored to do their duty, and the total of State arrests, confiscations, destruction of stills, and prosecutions will be as large, as, if not larger than, the Federal list; the activities of various municipal police will swell the total to amazing proportions; and yet the industry is apparently undaunted.

The least the forces of the law can do is to hold the line somewhat—fight a rear-guard action in the slow retreat which is in progress. They do not realize that it is a retreat, but it is, for they are beginning to be obsessed by the futility of stopping it. They are realizing that, while it can be somewhat held in check, the forces of law are gaining no ground and it cannot be stopped.

The reinforcements of the militant prohibitionists have not arrived, and apparently are not going to arrive. A lecturer on prohibition can always get a good crowd and a fair collection; but officers privately complain that the prohibitionists will not co-operate to the extent of reporting violations or suspects, nor will they go on the stand as witnesses, nor do they furnish detectives to supplement the work of the officers, and, in general, give no more help than those who resisted the imposition of these laws and believe them infringements upon their liberties.

One of the country papers of Alabama reported in April the burning of a man's stock and barn, supposedly by "moonshiners" because, as the paper said, "he stood for law and order." The journal lamented that he alone was left to stand the brunt of evil-doers' wrath, and charged that if other citizens had his courage the community would be made clean and this one man not made the victim. He was deserted in his effort—not a hand was lifted to sustain him.

It begins to look as if the prohibitionists had laid the infant on Alabama's doorstep and then scuttled away from the scene, leaving it to be cared for by those it has been wished upon. At least, from the lamentations of officers it is gathered that this is about the situation.

Meanwhile, the newest, most widespread, and generally popular industry seems that of unlawful distilling, with growing interest in the ancient art of brewing something with a real "kick" to it and transforming anything fermentable, from blackberries to persimmons, into some sort of an alcoholic beverage. It is a fascinating sort of experimentation for the home brewer who feels that he is additionally showing his resentment against a law curtailing his freedom by infracting that law, and there is an element of danger to add zest to it. But if one-tenth of the "home brewers" were caught there are not jails enough in all Alabama to hold one-tenth of the tenth arrested.

For the producer of the so-called "moonshine" liquor it is a matter of dollars and cents, with a glittering reward for those who can escape detec-

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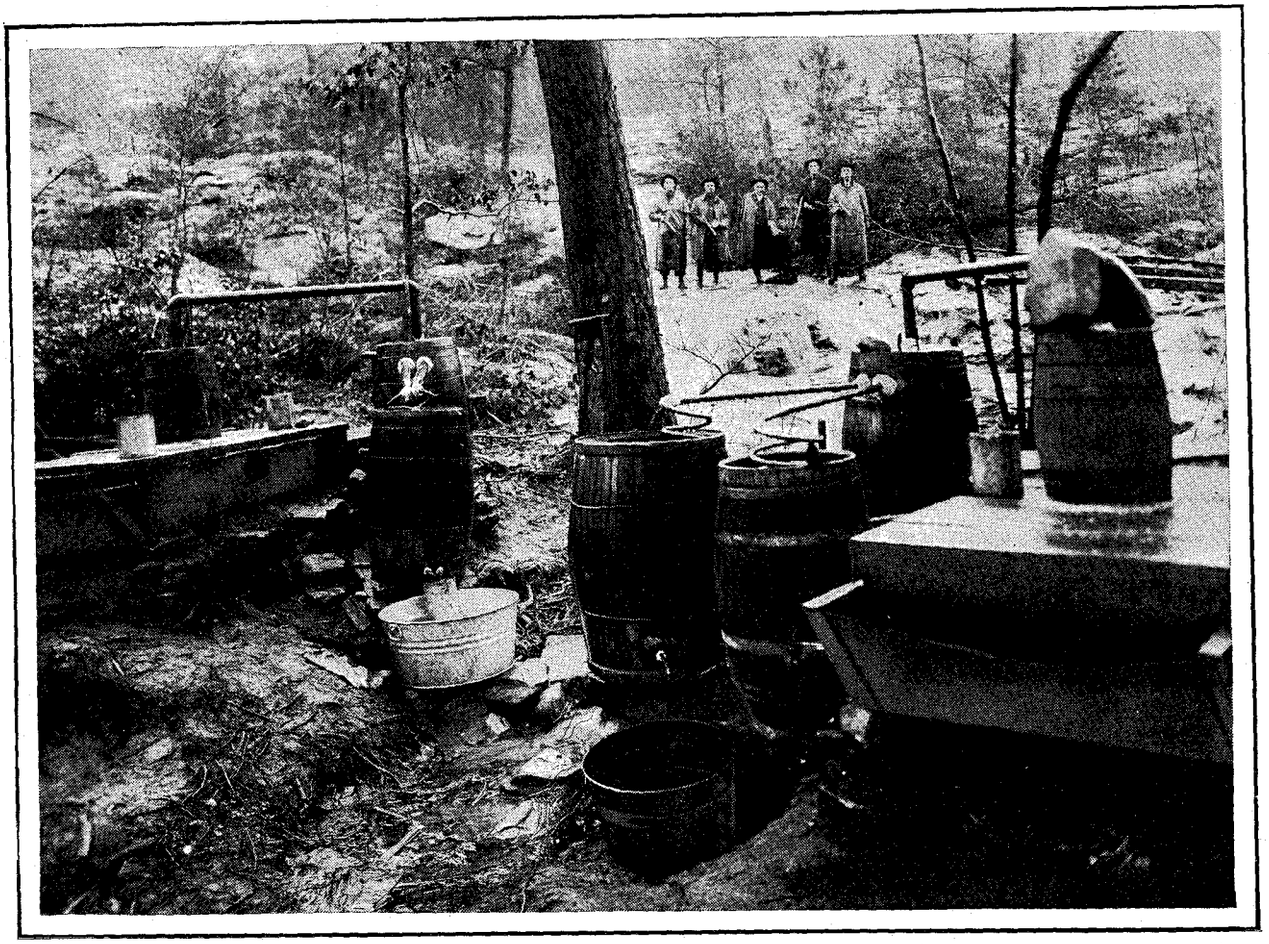

A "CLOSE UP" OF TWO STILLS OF THE NEST OF THREE

The two zinc tubs in the foreground were catching the dripping whisky as it came from the "worm" or condensation pipe

tion. A bushel of corn-meal worth a dollar, fifty cents' worth of sugar, molasses, or sorghum, a five-cent cake of yeast or home-made yeast, a can of concentrated lye to hasten disintegration of cellular tissue, and a half-peck of sprouted or malted whole grains of corn—a total outlay for materials of about $1.75.

From this from one to four gallons of liquor can be distilled, worth $40 per gallon, provided the maker sells it himself; less by half if he sells it to the middleman, who in turn sells to the bootlegger. Say that four gallons are made—a profit of $158 on an investment of $1.75! With this temptation constantly before poor men who know only one way of earning money otherwise—by the sweat of their brow and in crops which often yield the scantiest and hardest sort of a living—there will be unlawful distilling as long as there are purchasers for the product at anything approaching the prices which now prevail.

Men go to jail—and come right out and start back at it. They go on parole and pledge their sacred word—and break it, as witness the following despatch from Clanton, Alabama, to a Birmingham newspaper, April 21:

> Ocie Mims, who pleaded guilty to the charge of having whisky in his possession in county court yesterday, and who asked the mercy of the Court and promised on his honor that if he were given the lowest fine he would never deal in whisky again, was found distilling yesterday afternoon before county court had closed.
>
> Sheriff Gore heard that he and his brother were at work at the still, and immediately rushed his deputies, who found the still in operation. As soon as the Mimses saw the sheriff and deputies they ran, but were apprehended by Joe Gore, a deputy, who had to use violent treatment before he could take the men in charge. When the deputy caught Ocie Mims, Watson Mims tried to cut the deputy with a knife. Just at this time Tom Mims, the father of the boys, came running up, and he and J. L. Easterling, a deputy, wrestled for several minutes before Easterling took Mims in control.
>
> "I have seen many raids," said Deputy J. M. Curlee, "but I have never seen one like this, for the whole family came running to the scene, some praying, some cursing and crying, and in the meanwhile each deputy and the sheriff wrestling with a man."

Is it not a spectacle to make the gorge rise—the sight of that whole family of hitherto honest country people engaged in fighting the officers and upholding lawbreaking? It is not enough; the despatch continues:

> Claude Baker, who lives in that community, is accused of reporting the still, and last night his house, together with all the possessions of the family, including wearing apparel, was burned. Traces of kerosene used on the house were found. Mr. Baker was not at home at the time his house was burned, as he had heard threats had been made.

The same day city papers recorded despatches telling of the attempted assassination of two other officers and the burning of another home in vengeance. Like news is daily reported from other sections of the State.

This sort of thing is a daily occurrence, not only in Alabama but in many other sections of the South.

The towns are infested with "bootleggers," peddlers, and dispensers of the stuff. Some of these men in the cities have regular routes, as have milkmen; others depend upon chance sales. Women are among the numerous offenders, selling it by the drink in their houses. One goes to jail, and another takes the place to catch "the trade." It is an easy way to make a living—fifty cents and a dollar a drink for dreadful stuff, infinitely worse than the lowest "barrel house dive" ever sold for ten cents in the old days. It is exceedingly difficult for convictions to be had in cases of this sort—they will not allow a drop of the stuff to be taken out, except internally.

It requires a very small outlay to embark in the making of "moonshine" liquor. Most of the stills are crude

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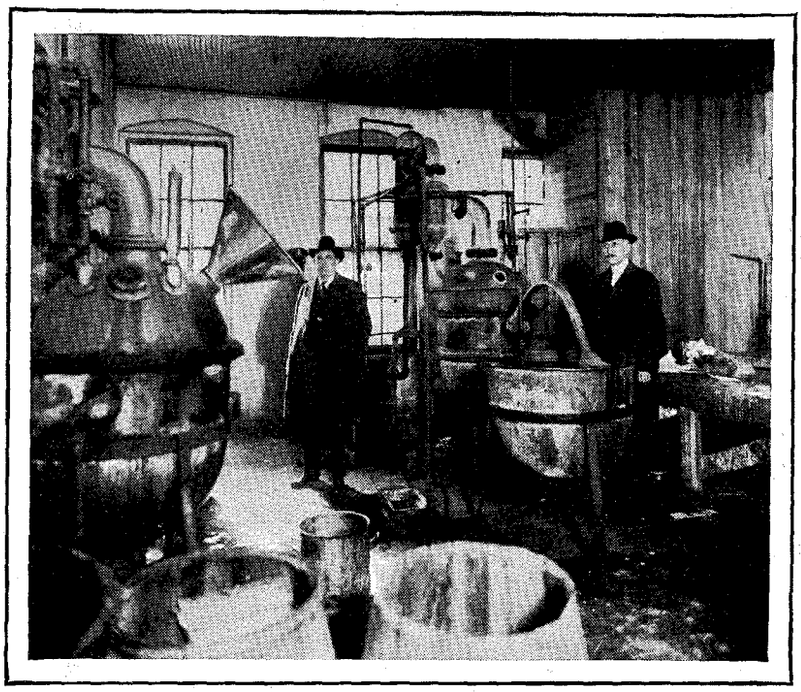


CANDY FACTORY AND DISTILLERY COMBINED

Note the funnel for pouring the "mash" into the still—the latter being of finest copper. Steam was supplied from boilers in basement. Note steam pipe from candy boiling vat on right, to still—made to do double duty

affairs, the most common being nothing more or less than a box of 1 x 12 plank with a zinc or tin bottom where the heat is applied. There is a plank top, except for the opening where the "mash" is inserted for cooking and the condensation chamber and its vent into the "worm" where the vapor is turned to liquor. The "worm" where the condensation takes place may be either of copper, tin, old garden hose, iron pipe, or rubber tubing, coiled in a barrel of cold water and the end protruding over the receptacle placed to catch the dropping liquid, which is "moonshine" whisky.

Officers may destroy an outfit of the sort, but in one day's time and by the expenditure of not over ten dollars another may be ready for use, provided the fermented "mash" or "beer" has not been poured out. It is the exception that arrests are made of the men who own or operate the stills, and usually raids result merely in destruction of the stills, which may be in operation again in forty-eight hours.

Sometimes these barrels or vats of fermenting stuff are sunk down in the ground, so they may be more readily concealed, and frequently they yield nauseating finds; occasionally a dead pig, more frequently dead possums, squirrels, jay-birds, owls, chickens. During the summer the top of the liquid mash nearly always has a thick coating of dead flies, bugs, and perhaps a few lizards for good measure; but the mess is skimmed off and the mash cooked up and the extract from it is bought and consumed by its devotees, although it is generally known that most of the "moonshine" liquor is not made amid rules for cleanliness.

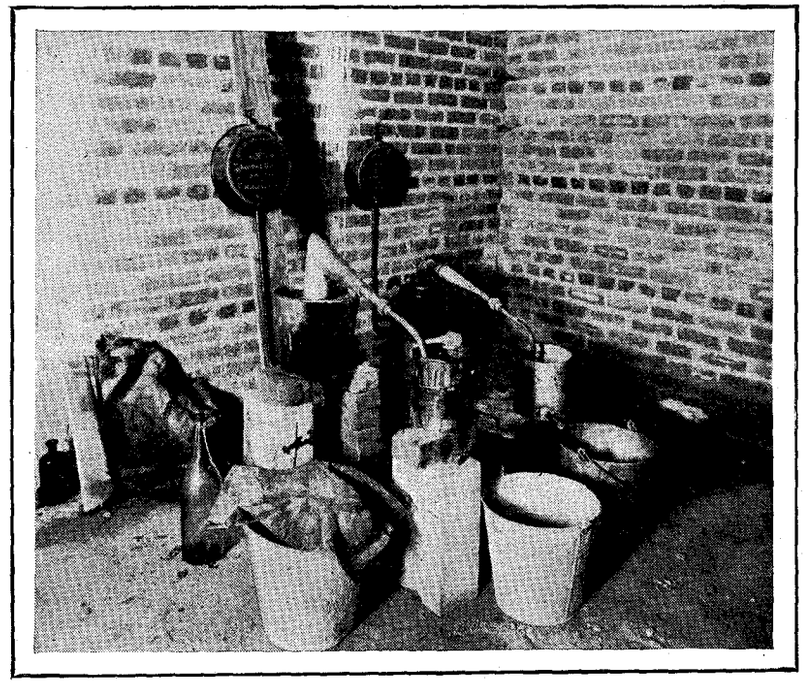
"Moonshining" is not confined to the rural districts, by any means. There used to be a sort of glamour over this form of law violation—its very name is indicative; but it is a very sordid business now, as witness the case of the Negro who collected swill and garbage from the kitchens of the famous Southern Club and half a dozen Greek restaurants of Birmingham. He said he was feeding pigs on it; but a chance discovery revealed that he was fermenting the stuff and distilling it in his rickety stable amid fearful and indescribable filth! More than that, his partner, who was sales manager, so to speak, was buying bottles of a peculiar shape, and this swill "moonshine" was regarded as being of the best class by its patrons, who had visions of the still being by some babbling brook in a laurel-shaded gulch of Shelby County! The officers found some patrons of the man who bragged mightily on the class of liquor they were obtaining.

Another "moonshine" still was found in a deserted corner of the basement of Birmingham's new million-dollar post office building, in course of erection. This was a double-barreled affair of small capacity, the heat being supplied by two gasoline torches.

Another, a very complete and expensive outfit, was found in a candy factory in the heart of Birmingham, and the thrifty foreigner was piping the steam from the candy caldron and making it cook the mash also.

Officers declare that the most difficult problem now is the small still which can be used on a kitchen stove or over a gas-burner. They are coming more and more in use. Advertisements of stills for the purpose of "distilling impure water" point the way to the purchaser. They may be had in capacity from two gallons up. A very small still can turn out a quart or more a day, and at $10 a quart it is a promising side line and "home industry."

In the southern part of the State, where sugar-cane grows, the favorite distillation is called "shinney," a ferment made of molasses and water, distilled, which is really rum. Mobile newspapers complain that the city is being denuded of grate-bars from the storm sewers. These pieces of iron are



PORTABLE TWIN STILL OF CRUDEST TYPE, SET UP IN REMOTE CORNER OF BIRMINGHAM'S MAGNIFICENT NEW POST OFFICE BUILDING, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

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held in great esteem, upon which to place the still over the fire. Another community asserts its citizens have quit buying zinc garbage cans; they are stolen to be used as stills, and are said to make very serviceable ones, indeed.

In addition to the distillation of liquor, however pernicious the stuff is, there is a greater menace—that of the concocted stuff. One of the noted analytical chemists of the South, speaking recently before one of the luncheon clubs of Birmingham, brought four samples with him, and is reported, in part, as saying:

> Nearly all of the stuff now being sold is made from alcohol colored and flavored to give the taste and bead of the different kinds of whiskies. For example, the bead is obtained by mixing sulphuric acid and olive oil. Other things going into these imitation liquors are soapwort, nitrous ether, acetic acid, salicylic acid, oil of birch, lampblack, ethyl nitrate, and numbers of other things, including all sorts of coloring matter.
>
> The poorer grades of "bootleg" whisky seem to be nothing more or less than denatured alcohol treated in some way to disguise the odor and colored with caramel. All denatured alcohol contains various amounts of wood alcohol, running from two to ten per cent, and of course is deadly poison.
>
> Wood alcohol has three different effects on the human system, differing with the amount taken. It will cause blindness, insanity, and death, generally one or the other of the former preceding the latter.
>
> "Moonshine" is nothing but raw alcohol and contains any number of by-products of distillation, all poisonous to the human body. These poisons appear to be cumulative in their effect, and when a definite amount has been absorbed something is bound to happen.
>
> I have here four samples of whisky recently sent me to be analyzed. Exhibit A is the worst kind of "bootleg"—ordinary denatured alcohol colored with caramel. This produced blindness in the man who drank of it. Exhibit B is colorless, odorless alcohol, one drink of which killed a man. Exhibit C is supposed to be straight whisky—but isn't—and Exhibit D is ordinary white "moonshine." If any one present thinks he can distinguish between the poisonous and non-poisonous samples by color, odor, taste, etc., he is welcome to make the attempt.

What is the answer? Laws there are in plenty and of a most drastic character, yet the violators multiply, and as long as there is a market and the pecuniary reward is anything like at present there will continue to be those who will take a chance on being caught.

Meanwhile, if the prohibitionists really come to the aid of the law enforcement officers, will it make any great difference? Certainly, as long as that added stimulus is kept up. But how long can it be kept up? Are reform and law enforcement movements in furtherance thereof ever more than spasmodic and temporary?

And, finally, what will it cost to stop distilling and sale and home brewing, provided it is practically possible to do so? Would easy access to milder alcoholic beverages so reduce the demand for unlawful liquor as practically to put the makers out of business, except in remote localities, as was the case under former conditions?

THE AIRPLANE SMUGGLERS

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

"YOUR customs duties and revenue laws will become a farce," declared Arnold Adair, "unless airplane patrols are provided by the Government to keep these lawless fellows from smuggling dutiable articles over our borders by the air route. Jewels, whisky, laces—any number of light packages can be brought in, and there is no organized method of preventing it. These smugglers can load up their airplanes at any spot they choose, in Canada or in Mexico. They fly over the border and land at any spot they choose in the United States. Any farm a dozen miles from San Diego, here, would furnish a landing-field where the goods could be shipped out in fruit boxes from the farmhouse without exciting any suspicion."

The Chief looked at the aviator thoughtfully. Here was a brand-new problem. Flying was undoubtedly becoming more popular here in California; nobody could deny that some day Adair's prophecy might prove true. One more lawless device to be met and conquered by the officers of law and order! And at first glance the difficulties in the way of meeting this new smuggling menace would be extremely great.

"Do you mean to tell us," demanded Chief Maloney, indignantly, "that the Government will have to keep airplanes flying along our borders constantly to prevent contraband coming in? That's absurd! It would take a thousand airplanes going night and day. And at night—why, smugglers could slip by at night, no matter how many inspectors were on the job. How many miles of borderland do you think there are in the United States?"

"About ten or eleven thousand miles," replied Arnold, "if one counts the coast-lines. Of course one must count the coast-lines, for most of our dutiable imports come from across the oceans, don't they? How do you propose to stop such smuggling, Mr. Maloney, either by night or by day, without airplanes?" Arnold inquired, pleasantly.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the discussion, which was quite a casual one, had begun at the close of the family dinner at the Berryman residence, where Arnold Adair had been spending a week or two with his old squadron mate of France, Lieutenant Malcolm Berryman. Malcolm's father, Henry Berryman, had been a former Mayor of San Diego, and was of considerable political prominence on the Pacific coast. His friend Matthew Maloney was head of the Internal Revenue forces, and in this sudden visit to this part of the State he had been brought home by Mr. Berryman to spend Sunday with the Berryman family at their San Diego farm.

Arnold Adair had flown across the continent, from New York to California, in his own specially constructed machine. He had taken the trip leisurely, stopping here and there to spend a few days with flying comrades, his fertile imagination picturing the coming days of air transportation, when air routes would be laid out purposefully connecting the cities and towns of the great West, similar to the network of motor highways over which he flew. And in California, the land of continuous sunshine and good weather, Arnold Adair found that aviation was far more popular with the general public than was the case in the East. Yet even here the usefulness of flying was hampered by reason of the absence of laws governing the navigation of the air. No capital would be invested in air transportation until the Federal Government enacted these necessary laws. Lawbreakers, such as smugglers, however, would feel no inconvenience from this lack of Governmental interest. And this circumstance had suggested the general subject of airplane smuggling, which seemed to be of particular significance to the Chief Revenue Collector this quiet Sunday afternoon.

"When you stop to think about it," observed the Chief, who had kept his eyes for some minutes upon the tablecloth without speaking, "it's no use stationing men on the ground to stop a smuggler from flying over into California from Mexico. It would take a row of heavy artillery all the way around our border lines to stop them. Even then the guns might miss."

"*Might* miss!" ejaculated Malcolm Berryman. "Would be certain to miss, is a better way of putting it. Out of the thousands of guns and hundreds of

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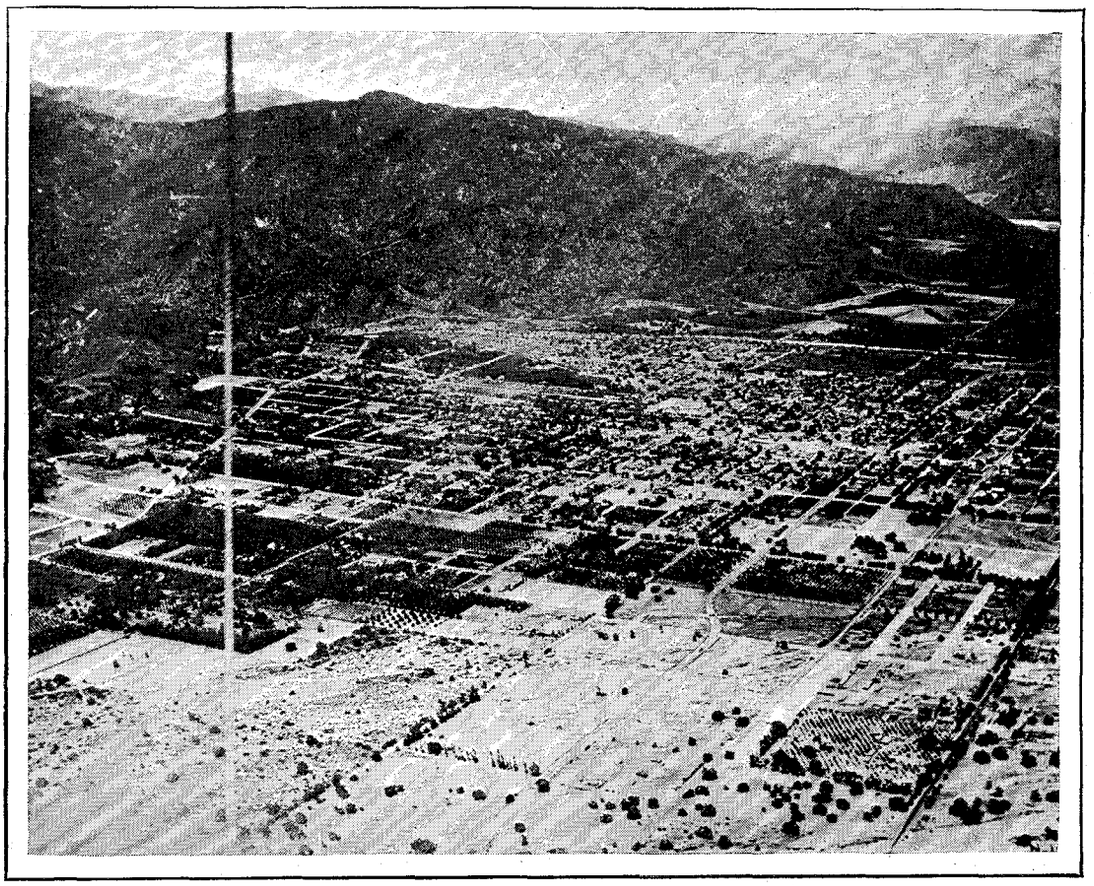

"LAID OUT LIKE THE PATTERN OF A CRAZY QUILT WHEN VIEWED FROM A MILE IN THE AIR"

thousands of shells fired at airplanes in the war, it was a very rare exception when one was even wounded. And besides, how would you know which airplanes to shoot at? Some of them might be peaceful, law-abiding machines. A gun would be more likely to hit them than the smugglers who were trying to dodge."

"While an airplane patrol officer, mounted in a faster machine, would be able to fly alongside the criminal and order him down, like a traffic cop on the Boston Post Road," added Adair, laughing. "Don't you agree it will come to that, Mr. Maloney?"

"What are you two bird-men doing to-morrow?" asked Mr. Maloney, bluntly, ignoring the question with abrupt decision and looking at Arnold Adair.

"Duck shooting, I believe, is on the programme for us to-morrow; isn't it, Malcolm?" inquired Arnold, turning to his friend. Malcolm nodded.

"I'm down here this week on a very particular job," continued the revenue officer, lowering his voice as he glanced about the room. "I'd be much obliged if you fliers would lend me a hand with your airplane to-morrow morning. There's something going to be pulled off around here to-morrow or next day just like we've been talking about. Smuggling!"

His listeners pulled their chairs nearer together with a quickened interest. He went on, choosing his disclosures with official caution:

"It just dawned on me, listening to your talk about the airplanes, that you may have hit a nail smack on the head. I've been thinking it over while you were talking. I guess I can tell you about it, providing you both agree to help me, and will say nothing about it until it is all over."

The two aviators nodded their heads. Mr. Berryman rose and offered to withdraw, but the Chief stopped him with a gesture and included him in the circle.

"It's opium!" exploded the Chief, pounding the arm of the chair angrily as he spoke. "These filthy wretches are flooding the country with opium. Every town along this coast has its hidden dens where American boys and girls are lured to smoke opium. It ain't the ordinary passing of contraband articles to save a few dollars due the custom-house. It's the debauching of good citizens here in California by this Chinese weed that's most important. There's laws against bringing it in, but it's such a costly drug to buy that these smugglers make fortunes out of this vile business."

He paused to regain his calmness before he went on.

"We've traced this supply down here to San Diego. You're only ten or twelve miles from the Mexican border, you know. It doesn't matter how we located the plant here, but I might as well tell you that we found several cases of shoe-boxes, and inside the boxes were one-pound tins of opium instead of shoes. We found out where the shoe-boxes came from. The shoe store here in San Diego told us who had bought a lot of empty shoe-boxes recently, and it fitted in to convict a gang already under suspicion.

"But the head of this gang doesn't live in the United States, although he is a citizen. He owns land in Mexico, south of the border, and he's got an island inside the three-mile limit, so that our patrol boats can't search him. We figured out that he gets the stuff from these Chinese and Japanese vessels, hides it on his island, and then slips it into California in shoe-boxes, either by sea or over the border by land. But neither our inspectors nor our patrol boats ever caught them with the goods. And now it's just dawned on me that perhaps it does come over by airplane. As Adair says, an airplane can start anywhere and land anywhere without notifying us."

Arnold Adair slapped his leg enthusiastically, while his eyes shone with excitement. No more cogent illustration of the evil use of aircraft could have been suggested to demonstrate to this Government official its lawbreaking possibilities. He pictured a smuggler's snug little island lying within the protection of an indifferent foreign nation, receiving its obnoxious cargo without remonstrance, slipping it into the United States in small quantities, in defiance of our laws and to the great enrichment of the criminals. He hoped with all his heart that they *were* bringing it in by airplane, and with reckless frankness he said so.

"I'll give you the Comet and my ser-

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vices for a month, free of charge, Mr. Maloney, if you will let me investigate that island as one of your officers. I hope they've got an airplane mixed up in it, just to let you see how easily it can be done. I'll join your force for a month, though I ought to be going back to New York this week."

"That won't be necessary, Mr. Adair, thanking you all the same," replied the Chief. "If we're on the right track at all, it will be to-morrow or next day that will show it up. One of these Asiatic tramp steamers is due in to-night, and our patrol boats are watching her. That's why I am down here on the spot—to watch things. But the trouble is we take a chance when we run inside Mexico's three-mile limit with a patrol boat, and there they've got us."

"But an airplane can get within the three-mile limit, Mr. Maloney, and there are no laws to stop her. Not yet, at any rate. We'll go duck shooting down by that island early to-morrow morning. What do you say, Malcolm?"

Malcolm Berryman readily assented. "I know that island," he said. "It's just inside a cove that is called 'Chinaman's Bay.' There's a house or two on it, and part of the land is in cultivation. It's about thirty miles from here."

"Fifteen minutes, in the Comet," observed Arnold Adair, smiling at Chief Maloney's start of surprise at this information.

Adair had designed his own airplane after a number of improved details which he had seen in various machines at home and in Europe. He had personally superintended its construction, personally selected its propeller, its motor, and the new aluminum alloy metal for its body and wings. Its body, or fuselage, was like the bottom of a boat. Attached to this hull were the two landing-wheels, to be used when landing upon the ground instead of in the water. Thus the Comet was amphibious, or, rather, tribious, if one may coin the word; for the Comet could live and move in the air, on the water, and on the ground with equal convenience.

The day broke clear and beautiful the following morning. After an early breakfast, the two aviators, one with a camera for photographs, the other with a shotgun for any passing ducks, wheeled the Comet out of the shed, climbed aboard, and flew away to the south without further information to the other members of the family as to their intended destination. Sage-brush and stubby pines cover the slopes of the hills. Occasional checkerboard farms of green and red and yellow relieve the drab picture of the landscape viewed from a mile in the air. The uncultivated country beyond the Mexican line melts away in the distance to the desolate mountain ranges.

To their right, as the Comet hummed briskly along, the sparkling waters of the Pacific stretched away until their ripples and color were lost in the horizon. Here and there the morning sun smote a spread sail, making a tiny white speck against the blue. Directly beneath them a thin thread of filmy white surf broke regularly upon the sandy shores of Coronado Beach. Adair and Berryman sat side by side, looking about them at the varied picture, without speaking. Then a gesture of Berryman's directed Arnold's attention ahead.

The coast-line was broken with rugged projections where the ocean waves washed against the territory of Lower California, in Mexico. Between two of these promontories, just emerging into view, and still some distance ahead, a small semicircular bay lay flanked by hills so high that its surface had not yet been touched by the rays of the morning sun. A small island appeared to be even with the extremities of the two promontories and fully two miles from shore. Toward this island Arnold directed the course of the Comet.

As they approached both pilots focused their eyes upon the small green spot that could have been covered with a postage-stamp. Accustomed to detecting objects on the ground from the air, both pointed simultaneously to a small boat that floated in the harbor before the seaward side of the island. On the same side of the island several houses were grouped, facing the sea. And near the edge of the sandy beach, in front of the principal house, a group of persons was moving about, growing more and more distinct as the Comet drew nearer and lower.

A circuit of the island was made while they were losing their altitude. The ground at the rear of the houses was partly in cultivation and partly covered with trees. Adair decided to land upon the water in front of the house. From there he might select a smooth portion of the beach most suitable for disembarking.

Malcolm Berryman, who had been staring out to sea, suddenly shouted into Adair's ear:

"Look! There's a Chinese vessel! There, about two miles out. Sails down, and riding at anchor. And I'll bet that's her small boat under us in the harbor, paying a visit to the people on the island. Opium, my boy! They're bringing in opium."

Arnold considered a moment. "Shall we take a look at the vessel first or shall we land?"

"Land, Arnold, land!" urged Berryman. "We're just in time. And look out for that fisherman's net stretched along there in the middle of the harbor. There, just ahead of their boat."

A long line of wood floats, shining and bobbing in the water, was supported at one end by a floating barrel; the other end was tied to a stake driven in the sand near shore. The Comet's motor was lightly ticking over as Adair flattened her out, skimmed the water for a hundred feet, and eased her down flat upon the slight undulations of the harbor. Sticking her stern smartly down, she came to a dead stop within a length or two. The two aviators looked about them.

In the lifeboat, a hundred yards away, several yellow-skinned sailors in flimsy garments were seated on the thwarts, resting on their oars. In the stern of the boat a hard-featured man, who might have been either an American or a European, stood on his feet, regarding the Comet fixedly. Evidently the lifeboat was just on its way out to sea, and had paused to watch the descent of the airplane.

On the shore several boxes in bamboo wrappings were lying a few yards above the reach of the lapping waves. Standing near this freight two almond-eyed coolies clad in rough clothes of American make and a Chinese woman of comely appearance were grouped. From the front door of the house, a hundred yards up the slope, two Mexican workmen were returning to the beach on a run. The door of the low adobe house was open. Vines were climbing about the doorstep, rare plants and flowers decorated the open places on the lawn.

With a glance at his companion, Adair opened the throttle and moved the Comet steadily toward the shore. As a wave receded the wheels touched the hard sand. Buzzing up the motor, the aviator lifted her head and ran her out of the water. Making a short curve upon the beach until the machine again faced the open harbor, he cut the motor, the propeller ceased its revolutions, and the Comet stood idly and silently in the midst of the strange inhabitants of the island of Chinaman's Bay.

"Have you any gasoline?" inquired Adair, addressing the audience impartially. The group surrounding the pile of freight stared vacantly at the airmen without answering.

"No sabe, eh?" called Berryman, cheerily, chuckling to himself over the cool simplicity of Adair's self-introduction. "Then I will give them a little Mex. But what the deuce is gas in Mex?"

Whatever it was, Adair, the New Yorker, never knew, but, after considerable parleying, one of the workmen waved his hands and withdrew hastily to the sheds adjoining the house, soon to reappear with a monkey-wrench in his hands. And while he was absent Adair observed with some uneasiness that the lifeboat was pulling in to shore. It landed, and the white man in the stern left the boat and approached them. His coarsened face was not fully appreciated by the aviators until he spoke. And then his first words astonished them beyond measure.

"Why don't you take the stuff and go?" he demanded. "Anything the matter?" Adair looked into his unpleasant face, and wondered what he would be like when seriously annoyed. Evidently, as Chief Maloney had suggested, they had hit the nail smack on the head. An airplane had been expected, and these wretches had jumped to the conclusion that the Comet had come to "take the stuff." A thousand details were still lacking, but it was clear to both the aviators that they had solved the mys-

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tery that had brought the Revenue Collector to San Diego.

"Where is Job Smeer, the boss?" countered Arnold Adair.

A tense moment followed. Adair prepared to snap on the self-starter, when he was suddenly relieved by the man's reply:

"Ain't back yet from San Diego," he growled with an oath. "And the Government patrol boat'll be nosing around here any minute. You get on your job. I'm going back to the ship."

Job Smeer, the owner of this nefarious little spot of ground and the suspected chief of the opium operations in this vicinity, had been quietly taken into custody the evening before, as he was preparing to return home from San Diego by his motor boat. In his most fortunate absence, Adair and Berryman were taken to be his agents by the employees on the island. Overjoyed by the unforeseen success of their adventure, Arnold Adair hastened the departure of the lifeboat by declaring that the dreaded patrol boat was already on her way out from San Diego. Then as he and his companion jumped out to seize several packages of the "freight," they received another surprise.

"No! no!" cried the workmen, pulling the bamboo-wrapped packages away from them. A rapid exchange of mongrel sentences passed between Berryman and the Mexicans. Finally, Berryman turned to Adair with a puzzled expression on his face, while the two coolies walked toward the beach, pointing eagerly out at the fisherman's net which lay stretched across the harbor.

"They say this is rice and tea and clothing," explained Malcolm Berryman, pointing to the packages on the ground. "And they want us to get fish or something out of that net in the water. What do you make out of that?"

"We must get some of the opium, wherever it is," replied Adair. "Is that Chinese woman Smeer's wife? Mr. Maloney told me he was married to a Chinese woman."

The woman in question was leading the way to a small skiff drawn up and tied to a long, narrow wharf. She clapped her hands and motioned the two coolies into the boat, sputtering the while in her native language and pointing in rapid gestures to the fish-net beyond. The Chinamen rowed away in the direction indicated, reached the net and dropped their oars. Seizing the floats in their hands, they hoisted a portion of the net into their boat. Within the meshes of the net small bundles of tightly wrapped bamboo strips were fastened.

Without speaking, the aviators started for the Comet, climbed aboard, and prepared to taxi out to the net. Simultaneously they winked at each other as the whole clever plan of the opium smugglers lay revealed to them. The opium, sealed in water-tight one-pound tins, was hidden in the fish-net by the sailors from the vessel. A seaplane from San Diego, or from some locality farther up the coast, flew down and landed in the harbor alongside the submerged net. If a patrol boat were sighted, the air smuggler might fly away and snap his fingers at pursuit, while the most careful search of the house and grounds of the island would disclose no trace of the hiding-place of the contraband drug.

The Comet trundled slowly down the hard sand to the edge of the water, waded out until she felt the buoyant lift under her prow, then taxied lightly over the surface toward the net. The two coolies were standing upright in their skiff, a score of the small bamboo-wrapped packages tumbling about their feet. But they were not looking at their work. Both faces were turned upward to the sky. The pilots of the Comet turned and gazed skyward. There, far above their heads a seaplane was descending in wide circles, its motor silent and its propeller lagging. In the excitement of the past few minutes neither Adair nor Berryman had noticed the sound of its approach. Without doubt, Chief Maloney had guessed the truth. The vessel he had suspected was indeed engaged in supplying this evil drug to the proprietor of the island; and the airman now overhead, as yet unconscious of the presence of the Comet, had taken the first hours of the morning to come to fetch away a load of the costly stuff before a prowling patrol boat of the United States Government should begin its day's work.

"Quick, Malcolm!" directed Adair; "get into that skiff and throw a few of those cans of opium aboard the Comet. I must keep an eye on this bird and head him off if he sees us and tries to get away."

Berryman slipped over the side of the Comet, and as she cautiously rubbed the side of the skiff he dropped into the boat, holding to her side with one hand while he picked up the wet and slippery packages with the other. The two coolies began to suspect that something was wrong. A shrill scream from the woman on the beach almost coincided with their quick headlong plunge into the water. Adair dropped his gaze from the circling seaplane overhead and looked beyond the corner of the promontory to the north, toward which Smeer's wife was pointing. There, with a bone of white in her teeth, came a patrol boat full speed toward them, with scant consideration of the existence of an imaginary three-mile limit inside of which she might not penetrate. Evidently, the Comet herself was to be the object of an investigation.

But a moment later Arnold Adair decided that an examination of the Comet must be postponed. A motor's roar over his head informed him that the pilot of the circling seaplane had discovered the patrol boat and that he had changed his mind about landing. Shouting to Berryman to push the skiff out of the way and to jump aboard, Adair opened his throttle, swerved adroitly away from the fish-net, and as the Comet began to skim swiftly over the surface he looked up to estimate the position of his enemy. Like in the fighting days at the front, a hostile airplane was droning about overhead, and he must be brought down to earth. Berryman's duck gun lay in its leather case at their feet.

As the Comet left the water and began its climb Adair gave explicit instructions to his companion. Not since the day of the armistice in France had they felt this thrill of conflict, had they experienced this joy of cleaving the blue skies in the wake of a Hun bent upon mischief or escape. Both pilots knew the type of seaplane above them, and both knew the Comet could overtake her with ease.

"Give him one barrel over his head, Malcolm," directed Adair. "If that doesn't scare him down, threaten him with the other. We've got to capture that bird. He's mixed up in a bad business."

The unknown smuggler was climbing with his motor full out, but the Comet climbed two yards to his one. He steered inland, in the vain hope that the Comet would not dare to follow him over the rough hills and valleys. These very evident maneuvers to escape only served to confirm their impression that he had guilt to conceal. A few minutes' skillful flying brought the Comet close alongside its quarry. A mere threatening movement of the shotgun and a gesture downward ended the contest. Adair deftly shepherded the prize back to the harbor of the island, where both machines landed and where the Government patrol boat was now floating. The two machines taxied slowly up to the boat, on the forward deck of which the portly figure of Chief Matthew Maloney stood surrounded by officers in uniform.

A few minutes later three aviators joined the officers on the deck of the patrol boat while their planes lay rocking on the waves, one on either side. Malcolm Berryman advanced to the Chief and, pointing to their prisoner, said:

"This is Billy Mappen, Mr. Maloney. I know him. He tells us that the seaplane belongs to Job Smeer. He is willing to tell you the whole story, and I hope you will be easy with him if he does."

"We'll consider that after he signs a confession," growled the Chief. "He can go into the cabin and do it now," he added. "But in the meantime, what are we going to do with Smeer's airplane? It's Government property, under the Volstead Act, and I'd like to use it to run down more of these smugglers if they try this again. What would you say, Berryman, if I offered you full charge of this airplane patrol business, and promised you a machine like Adair's as soon as it can be built?"

"I would say, sir," responded Malcolm Berryman, "that I'm just the man you're looking for. And, with your permission, I'll fly Smeer's machine back to San Diego by way of that Chinese vessel out there. I snapped a photograph of her handsome owner when he was ashore here, and we ought to have one of the ship from the air to identify her next time she visits this port."

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EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"IS employee representation a success or a failure?" I asked an employee of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, of Brooklyn. The answer was short. "It is the greatest possible success; it is a success because it is an *honest method* applied to dealings between *honest men*." And then he added significantly: "It guarantees the same principles of industrial representation that the Australian ballot grants to individual political representation. It gives each man an absolute choice of the man that he wishes to represent him. When these men go to the council, they have equal voice in all deliberations. All the cards are on the table where they can all see them. The workingmen's delegates are looking at exactly the same figures as the management's delegates are looking at. Agreements, therefore, are based on fact, instead of lung power. It has eliminated in our plant the 'caste' differences between the management and the workmen. We are no longer cogs in a wheel; we don't go by numbers any more, but are men with the full rights of men. We are met as men, we are treated as men. When the manager walks through the plant to-day, every man faces him with the feeling that he is a man facing a man, not a servant facing a master. It has eliminated all petty feelings between the brain worker and the manual worker. Whereas the management formerly registered suspicion, distrust, and in some cases even contempt, to-day they register respect. Employee representation has given each man in these works just as much right as any other. It has guaranteed his rights both individually and collectively. The smoke screen has been removed from our vision. In this plant we know just as much about the difficulties of the management and their successes as they do themselves. It is that knowledge that we base our working rules and conditions on. We went two years without a strike with the exception of a small local trouble indulged in by a dozen men.

There has never been serious ill feeling, no trouble about getting a square deal on wages. We have no strikes, because both men and management are looking at the same set of figures. Each realizes what must be done to keep the accounts on the ledger out of the red-ink column. Every man in the works realizes that the prosperity of one means the prosperity of both, and due to the basic principle of employee representation system it would be impossible for either side to take undue advantage of the other without incurring the quick disapproval of an aroused public opinion. If employee representation is a failure, then democracy as guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States is also a failure. It is the same thing; they are both based on the same principle."

WHAT A UNIONIST AND A PLANT SUPERINTENDENT SAY OF EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION

It is the greatest possible success; it is a success because it is an *honest method* applied to dealings between *honest men*.

It has eliminated in our plant the "caste" differences between the management and the workmen. We are no longer cogs in a wheel; we don't go by numbers any more, but are men with the full rights of men. We are met as men, we are treated as men. When the manager walks through the plant to-day, every man faces him with the feeling that he is a man facing a man, not a servant facing a master.

THE UNIONIST.

I had grown to believe that most workers had become time thieves and shirkers. From the arbitrary influences that were circulated at times through our various shops, I had lost all confidence in a great many of our workers. Naturally suspecting them, I always gave them the worst of the deal unknowingly. However, I can truthfully say, after over a year of weekly meetings with the delegates elected by our workers, that I don't believe there is a dishonest man in the plant.

I believe employee representation is the greatest hope of recent years for amicable relations between management and men, and men have gained more at these meetings than they ever could through a thousand strikes.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

SO HUNDREDS THINK

I HAVE put a like question to hundreds of workers all over the country. Most of their answers have been as interesting as the one of the Mergenthaler workman. An employee of the Knox Hat Company wrote me a letter answering an inquiry. He had been for many years an ardent union man, and still was a union man. He said: "If I hadn't seen the results of the system employed by this company, I would not have believed it humanly possible for employer and employee to get along with such remarkable mutual respect predominating at all times. This respect has been caused by the man-to-man meetings across the table, where the truth has been the umpire. By becoming acquainted with each other, distrust and class feelings have been totally eliminated. There has not been a strike or a threat of a strike since the system was inaugurated in this plant. Hundreds of contentions, quite true, have been taken to the committee room, but things have been settled before they left. The company has met us more than fair. I have been through scores of battles of strength between employer and employee under the old system, and can truthfully say that the most bitter battles that we ever won in the old days never achieved anything near the favorable results for the workmen that we have gained peacefully at the shop council meetings of this firm. We are getting a square deal certainly, because every single agreement and decision is based on all the facts where we can both see them. We naturally get all that is coming to us because we know all we are rightfully entitled to. We know why we cannot get more. Mere words of mine cannot begin to express my hearty approval of a system that *does* eliminate strikes, erases class distinction, and completely removes the one obstacle between the operative and operator, namely, suspicion.

"In this plant we are reaping the rewards of thorough understanding between all parties concerned. We realize that we are never going to have to pay the penalty that is so often paid where agreements are entered into by the rule of force. Here we have the rule of reason, and it gets the worker more in a week than force could get in a year, and it doesn't cost us months of enforced idleness to get it."

THE NEW ORDER

THE new order was brought into being by broad-minded men who came to the conclusion several years ago that the time had arrived for a new relationship between worker and management, and they forthwith adopted a system that

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A SHOP COUNCIL GOES INTO SESSION

eliminated the chance of despotism by recognizing employers and employees as *co-workers* instead of master and worker. The new system serves society through a thorough understanding between the man who signs the pay check and the man who receives it. Agreements are entered into based on fact instead of fiction. As a result understanding and respect have taken the place of suspicion and class hatred.

This great new order—employee representation, or direct contact by representatives between the office and the workshop—has many enemies. Reactionary employers look on the new system in about the same manner and with about as much friendliness as a tramp manifests toward a bulldog. However, employee representation has nothing to fear from reactionary enemies, due to the fact that the foundation-stone of the new industrial emancipator is truth, and the structure is composed of a marblelike structure called impersonal justice. The workers in industry have in the past been subjected to suspicion, distrust, hatred, and disastrous conflict chiefly through the lack of understanding. In thousands of cases the workers have got the worst of the argument, mainly due to the fact that the employer could play his cards from a stacked deck—namely, secret diplomacy. The new order emancipates the worker from the round of distrust and class hatred and places him in the sunlight of complete understanding. As a result he has ceased to be the under dog in plants where employee representation is in effect, and now he both gives and commands respect.

THE CREATION OF BROAD-MINDED MEN

EMPLOYEE representation was conceived by broad-minded men. They knew when they adopted the system that it meant open diplomacy—that it means all cards on the table face up. They knew that once the system was installed, the workers would be placed in a position to obtain a thorough knowledge of all facts pertaining, not only to the company, but to the entire industry. They realized that if workingmen were dishonest the system would fail and they would fail with the system. But the pioneers in the great new plan had faith in the honesty of men, had faith in the reasonableness of the worker when he knew the truth, and their confidence was not misplaced. *They have found that practically all men are both honest and reasonable when wild statements and abstract theories are shattered with broadsides of cold chilled facts.* Not only has the system resulted in sound business methods, it has also served as a check valve on profiteering and has enabled the worker without striking to get every cent that is honestly due him. The truth being available, if the employer tries to take advantage of the workman he immediately brings down the censure of the entire community on his head.

Ten years ago if a man had suggested that corporations and other employers should tell the worker about the profits and losses of the company he would have been examined for lunacy. But times have changed. To-day hundreds of firms not only "allow" their workman access to their books, but gladly explain in minute detail the ups and downs of the business. As a result the worker and management are enabled to *give the consumer honest value for his money—the worker without striking gets every cent he is entitled to*, and the management gains by receiving something they have been vainly endeavoring to get for a century—*co-operation*—and wholehearted co-operation at that.

Employee representation has been a great success, because it is an "honest way to deal with honest men." The plan is not hog-tied with one hundred and one inflexible rules. It is simply a means whereby the management of a plant and the employees get together on an equal footing once or twice a month

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and all difficulties are fully and openly discussed.

MANY FIRMS: MANY FORMS

There are of course a great many forms of shop representation. Some of the rules adopted by a few of the original firms greatly resembled an income-tax report. They didn't meet with success. However, when they were changed and the rules set by the men and management at the conference table, the trouble was eliminated and everything went along smoothly.

The record of achievement through peaceable means at these meetings will be one of the most interesting and illuminating pages written in the future records of present industrial history.

Out of the thousands of disputes that have been discussed at the council meetings, attended by equal representation of the management and workers, over ninety-four per cent of the cases have been settled to the entire satisfaction of both men and management at the conference table, six per cent have gone up to the final council, and five and three-quarters per cent of those cases were settled without going to the president's table or the impartial arbitration board. The one-quarter of one per cent of the grievances that have gone to the president's desk or to the impartial board have practically all been settled to the satisfaction of the workers without any further trouble. I have only been able to find two cases on record where the management turned down any proposition that had gone through the original council meeting. In one instance one company had over twelve hundred minor cases that were settled in the joint council room over a period of three years, and only one case sent to the president, his decision being favorable to the men.

Another important record is the great number of cases that are settled entirely in favor of the workers. One big company has found, after two years of work, that nearly seventy per cent of all disputes brought to the table were settled wholly as requested by the workmen delegates; twenty-eight per cent were settled by both sides taking an even compromise, satisfactory to both, and only two per cent where the contentions raised by the workmen's delegates were rejected, and the contentions that were rejected were called out after a full debate by both factions, and in the final vote the employees were satisfied with the decision.

One company that has tried out the system for nearly two years has never found a single recommendation of the workmen's council unworthy. They were all adopted with extremely favorable results.

A NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The president of one of the large corporations significantly told me: "This works council is the greatest thing in the world. It's as much a help to me as a new board of directors, and a whole lot more, because when these men come up to the table they know what they are talking about, they are on the ground floor, and everything they suggest has been of great benefit to the company as well as themselves. Of course without question the greatest result of the shop committee meetings has been the newborn confidence engendered both by men for the management and management for the men."

I talked to a superintendent of a large Ohio plant who had voiced many misgivings when he adopted the plan. Instead, he was highly delighted, and his remarks, the last time I saw him, are worth repeating: "I had grown to believe that most workers had become time thieves and shirkers. From the arbitrary influences that were circulated at times through our various shops, I had lost all confidence in a great many of our workers. Naturally suspecting them, I always gave them the worst of the deal unknowingly. However, I can truthfully say,' after over a year of weekly meetings with the delegates elected by our workers, that I don't believe there is a dishonest man in the plant. My former suspicion is changed to unbounded confidence. At these council meetings I have found the men absolutely fair when they had the truth to base their fairness on, and for that reason alone I believe employee representation is the greatest hope of recent years for amicable relations between management and men, and," he added, "men have gained more at these meetings than they ever could through a thousand strikes. They have been so fair at these meetings that we have been only too glad to meet them more than half-way."

Another manager, who had adopted the new system nearly two years ago, made the following remarks: "The workingman has a right to know where he stands. He has a right to the truth; all of it. He should have it, and through direct representation he will get it. When he meets at the conference table, through semi-monthly or monthly meetings, he will be able to ascertain the facts regarding the conditions he is working under. He will know whether he is being paid sufficiently or not; that is, he will know whether he is receiving his just portion of moneys earned. He will not have to guess about it."

Employee representation has gained tremendously during the last year. It is true that in a number of plants where the system was put in by the Shipping and War Labor Board during the war the system has been eliminated and declared a failure. No plan can be called a failure until it has been tried out. These plants never tried it out fairly. Most of them did not hold a council meeting. Those that did entered into the arrangement with the enthusiasm of cold-storage oysters, and of course the results were very unfavorable, but I repeat that in these cases the managements did not believe in men in the first place, didn't believe in the system in the second place, and eliminated it just as quickly as the War Labor Board ceased to have any power over them. It is quite natural that the system failed under those conditions. The enemies of direct contact hold up these few instances and say: "There you are; men are too filled with prejudice to play fair." But when critics make these statements they know that they are not telling the truth.

It has succeeded in hundreds of plants. These organizations employ all the way from a hundred to forty-seven thousand men. Over six hundred firms throughout the country are working under this system to-day, strikes, suspicions, and hatred eliminated; and I don't mean that strikes were eliminated merely during the spring of 1921, when there were two men for every job, but there were practically no strikes, ill feeling, or trouble in these same plants during the peak periods of 1919 and 1920.

NO THREAT TO UNIONISM

It has been intimated in various quarters opposed to the direct representation idea that the managements adopting the new plan did so with the sole idea of breaking up labor organizations, or to get the employees entirely within their power. Such a charge is so childish that refutation is unnecessary. Any employer adopting direct representation with the intention of camouflaging any issue will pay dearly for the attempt.

The fundamental principle of employee representation is open diplomacy. Open diplomacy means all cards on the table. A company unwilling to submit all facts to their workmen will have very little success with the plan, because that action would abrogate the basic principle of the new system.

The cardinal object in adopting the plan was to give every workman an opportunity of fully understanding the problems of the employer, which would naturally compel both the employer and employee to recognize the third element indispensable to the prosperity of both, namely, the consuming public.

THERE ARE PLANS—AND PLANS

I have received several letters lately from companies stating they were not in position to say whether employee representation was a success or not. One of them added that in his particular case the men did not seem to take sufficient interest in the plan. I immediately requested an outline of the plan they had in force. They did not have employee representation at all. The delegates elected by the workmen had no rights in the council room more than the merest "opportunity of suggestion." There was no final arbitration board and the workmen had no representation beyond the mere hollow printed name. I

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bitterly condemn any organization that adopts the system as a "sop to the worker." In the first place, it will surely fail and result in more suspicion and distrust than formerly. There have been companies who have adopted the system with the latter intention, and they should be roundly condemned by progressive employer and laborer alike. The machinery of shop representation means little if it lacks honest, sincere spirit. If adopted with that spirit it will succeed, but as a means of attempting to pacify the workers with mere promises it is, and always will be, a lamentable failure.

If there was ever a time in the history of the world that team-work was necessary, it is now. It is going to take the combined ingenuity of the very best brains of capital and labor to sail the ship of industry through the rapids of depression safely. The pilots of this ship will have to work in unison. They must understand the same set of signals or else they are going to land on the rocks. It doesn't take a college professor to figure that out. The employer and employee cannot bring about industrial normalcy pulling at cross-purposes. They cannot settle their differences with the executives in session behind roll-top mahogany desks and workingmen in the dingy recesses of local halls. They must meet, not as enemies, but as friends trying to reach the same goal. This cannot be done by both sides applying the principle of force aided and abetted by angry recrimination. It must be brought about by the rule of reason where the scales of justice are balanced by tolerance and fairness. This spirit does prevail in plants where employee representation has been honestly installed. In thousands of shop representation committee meetings throughout the country in 1920 there is not a case on record where the meeting broke up in a wrangle. In the scores of these meetings that I have personally attended I have never heard a bitter word spoken.

I have never heard of a single case in the six hundred odd concerns that have adopted the plan where a workingman was discharged or was discriminated against for vigorously voicing his disapproval of conditions he was working under or wages paid. The object of shop representation is to get right down to the heart of things; find out where the shoe pinches and why it pinches. That is what its main principle is based on—to give every workingman an opportunity not only of fully expressing himself to the management either favorably or unfavorably regarding his working conditions, but to command recognition and righting of wrongs that are brought to the light. Employee representation gives the management an opportunity of meeting all arguments with the facts at their disposal. If the worker is wrong, he is set right by a convincing exposition of actual facts. If right, the management immediately rectifies the trouble. Shop representation is equal representation; the employer and employee are equally represented, the same number of men speaking for each side. If a question is too difficult for the main council to decide upon, or if after thorough discussion the representatives of the workmen and management are unable to agree, most factories have a joint council of owners or managers and a committee of workmen through the council to go fully over the matter. In the factories where the representation idea has been fully tried out and its weak spots eliminated a final decision is left to an equal number of representatives, the management and representatives of workers picking an impartial chairman, and the majority vote of that council is final. However, in the many hundreds of council meetings and thousands of disputes, small and large, that have been debated there are only a few cases on record where any dispute ever got that far.

TRIED AND NOT FOUND WANTING BY A GREAT RAILROAD

EMPLOYEE representation has been installed in practically every line of industry in America—lumber camps, sawmills, steamship lines, clothing trades, harvester works, packing plants, machine shops and foundries, steel works, electric plants, hat factories, shipyards, milling-machine concerns, automobile factories, and telephone and telegraph systems. Until recently railways had not adopted the plan. However, the Pennsylvania Railroad within the last few months has come into the fold. This company profited by the mistakes of other concerns that had adopted the system, and as a result the employee representation plan of the "Pennsy" is one of the broadest in real democratic principle in existence to-day. The officials of that company have gone all the way in eliminating restrictions that would give the road the dominating hand. They have agreed to a representation principle that will give every employee on the road untrammeled choice to name any man he chooses who is employed by the system. The company have specifically agreed to recognize and negotiate with every delegate chosen. These delegates will sit with the company officials and draft all rules and regulations pertaining to relations between the management and men. Under this system grievances will be brought up expeditiously, and will receive consideration in weeks, where under the old system it took months, and even years. Under the "Pennsy" employee representation plan the minority will be heard fully. In other words, as another writer has pointed out, rules will be worked out by a majority and minority representation instead of majority dictation.

Vice-President W. W. Atterbury has worked diligently for several years to bring about the consummation of a plan that would insure every worker on the road an equal voice in the construction of rules that both management and employees must abide by.

NO STRINGS ON THE "PENNSY" PLAN

THERE are no strings on the "Pennsy" representation plan, and if the men and management are unable to agree after talking the whole matter over with all of the cards on the table, the contention will go to the Railroad Labor Board or any other impartial arbitration board for final decision, thereby preventing the company from having even the slightest advantage.

The public has shown tremendous interest in the Pennsylvania Railroad plan, and the general opinion seems to be extremely favorable to the newly established relationship between the office workers and the shop workers. Under the new system the management and the workers will be looking at the same set of figures when they make agreements. Walkouts like the outlaw strike of a year ago, that cost the roads and the public several hundred million dollars, would not, in my opinion, be possible under the new arrangement, for the simple reason that a minority body will have their grievances aired with the same consideration as the majority. The plan will automatically create the strongest unit of collective bargaining in America—over 160,000 men in one system organized solidly behind a body of delegates chosen by unrestricted secret ballot with full powers to formulate working agreements under a plan where neither side can be despotic. In other words, on the Pennsylvania Railroad the rule of reason has swept the rule of force into the discard. In future disputes, under a system where all the facts are at the disposal of both parties, public opinion would quickly defeat any attempt by either the railway company or the men to take arbitrary advantage. It marks a new era in railway management and will result in a great stimulus to the immediate return of confidence of the public in both railway management and the railway employee. It marks the passing of secret diplomacy—a diplomacy that has been one of the main causes of loss of public confidence, which has resulted so disastrously to both railway executive and railway worker.

Employee representation is not a feminine, utopian, or paternalistic idea. It is the opposite of paternalism. I believe it is the most realistic, four-square democratic institution in American industry.

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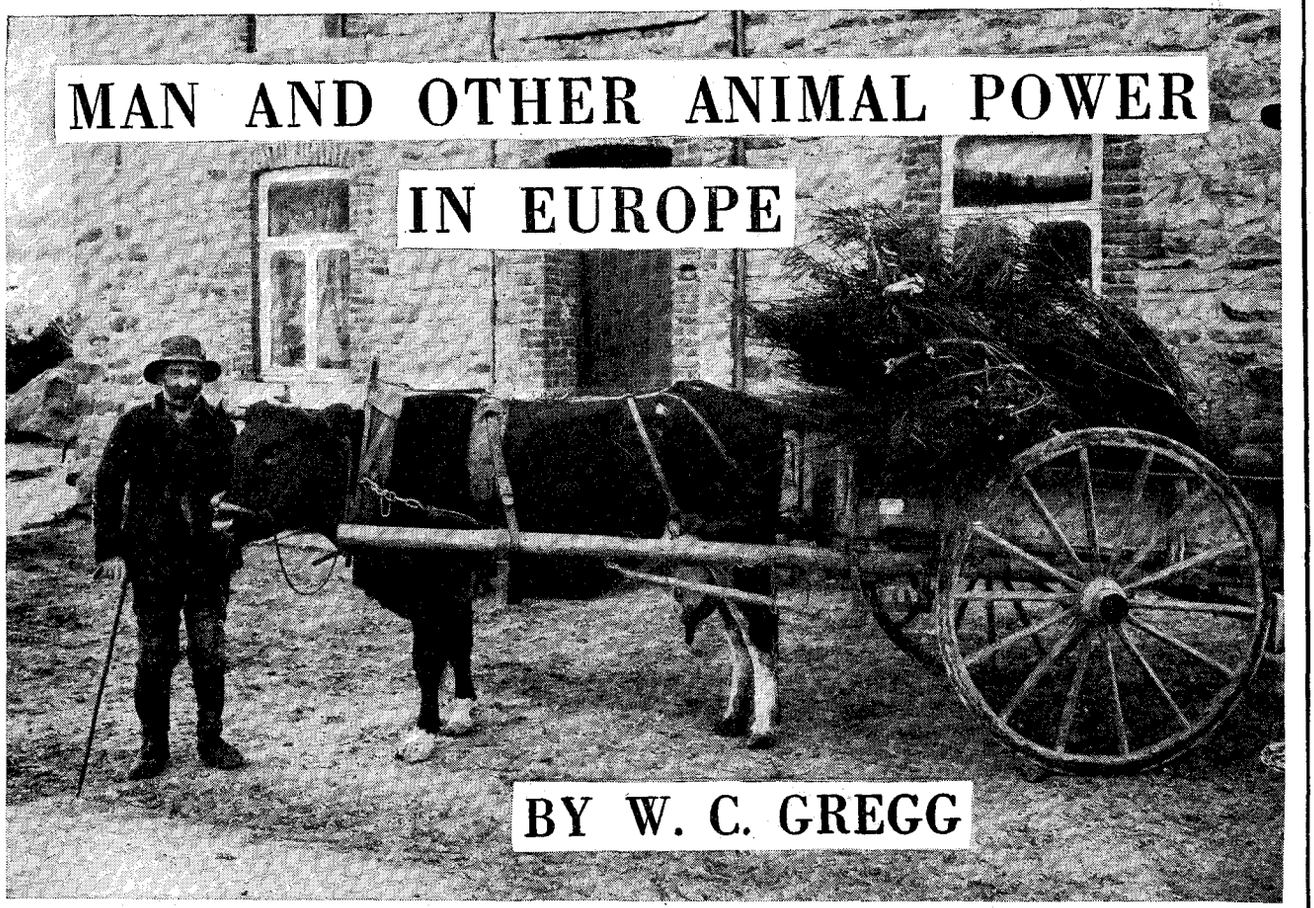
MAN AND OTHER ANIMAL POWER IN EUROPE



BY W. C. GREGG

OLD COWS AND OLD PEOPLE ARE STILL IN HARNESS IN BELGIUM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WE may not work ourselves into a transport over the subject of transportation, but we can learn something by looking at pictures.

Journeying in seven European countries, I was first struck by the scarcity of automobiles. I asked, just as you would, "What's the price of gas here?" The answer was in francs, liters, and lead-pencils, and resulted in a final "Oh, call it seventy cents a gallon." We saw a lot of taxes and licenses in the background, and concluded we knew why the horse, the bike, and the hike were still in vogue in Europe.

In America we sometimes find one auto to every five persons. In Europe one to five hundred is about the average. They can get along without pleasure cars, but where the war caused a scarcity of horses they need auto-trucks.

If I were scared myself, I might try to scare you by saying: "Just you look out! One of these fine days Europe will pounce down on old Uncle Sam and carry off every drop of gasoline he's got. Then won't he holler! For now he has most of the world's supply of oil as well as gold and a few other very desirable things."

I traveled through devastated Belgium, and thought of that desolate part of the United States called the "Middle West," where the poor farmers are so short of barns for their crops they actually have to sometimes leave their autos out in the open overnight.

Before the war Belgium raised the most majestic draught-horses in the world. They still have some, but, strange to say, we saw them over the German border—big light bays—and across the Rhine too. I don't remember seeing them there before 1914. The debating societies in Belgium took up that old question, "Resolved, that the cow is a more useful animal than the horse," and decided (owing to the scarcity of horses) that the old cow would have to be made more useful—useful even to pull a plow or wagon.

The dog in Belgium occupies a unique position. They will tell you that he pulls more when hitched to a load than any other unit of power in the world. A man will hitch a dog under a wagon, out of his sight, and trust him to pull his share of the load. No living man is worthy of similar confidence.

PULLING TWENTY-EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS OF COAL IN BELGIUM WITH ONLY A DOG TO HELP

VENICE

Every avenue is "Canal Street" in Venice. If you want to gather statistics on water transportation, from funeral processions to circus parades, you can get them in that amphibious city. Everything goes by water. Venice was laid out with reference to fish raising, so I was told. The fish are grown in baskets in the back yard, the baskets are lifted from the water at the psychological moment, drained, and placed in the sun in a boat. Later the dried fish are delivered to the market in the same boat, in the same baskets. Can you beat it?

The City Council has much more trouble with the milk business than with any other, for obvious reasons. The milk comes from the mainland in cans—in boats. "Aye, there's the rub," as Shakespeare said. I understand they now employ a color test—the waters of the canals are none too clear—and where milk reaches the canal dweller only sixty-seven per cent white some one is shot at sunrise.

Austria and Hungary are using more human power than ever before. They came through the war fairly well, but

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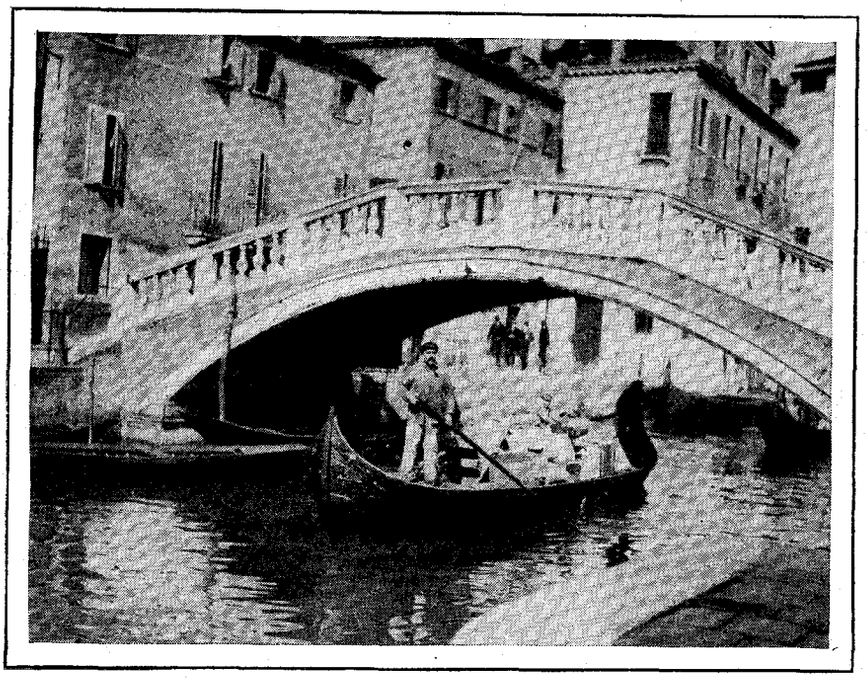
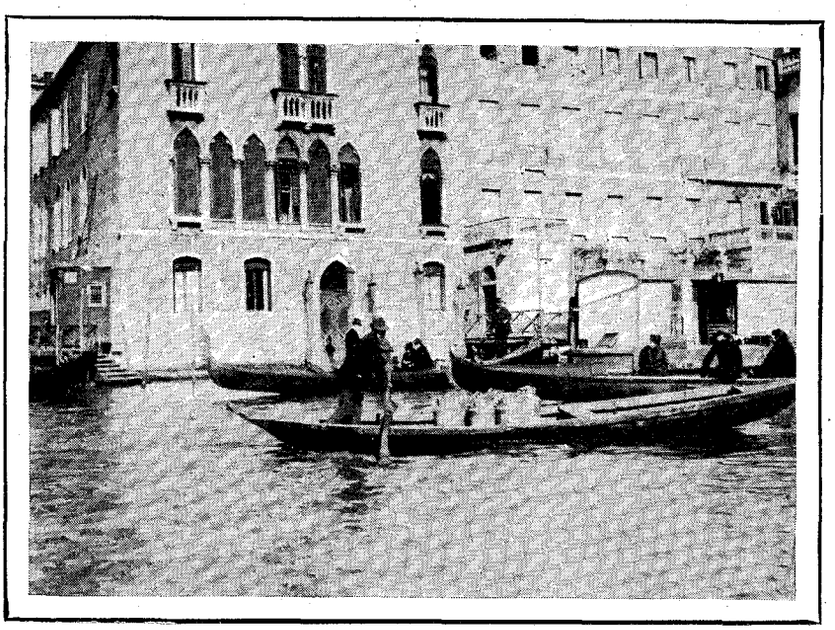
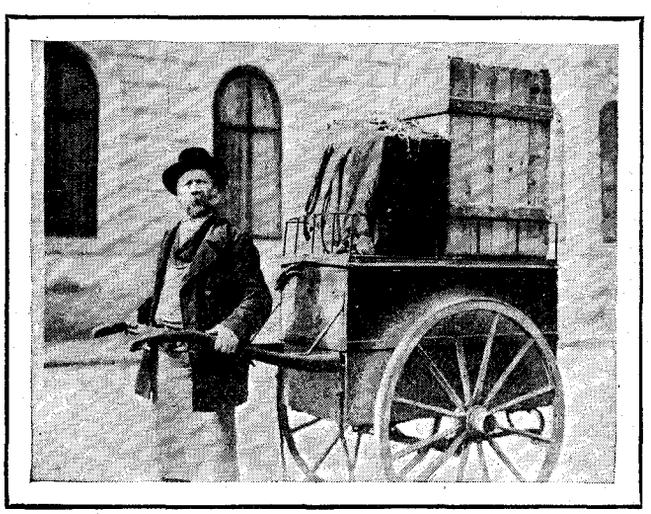


"EVERY AVENUE IS 'CANAL STREET' IN VENICE. . . . EVERYTHING GOES BY WATER." NOT A WHEEL TURNS, NO KLAXON HONKS A NOTE, A BARGE WITH A CARLOAD OF FREIGHT PASSES AS SILENTLY AS THE ANGELS

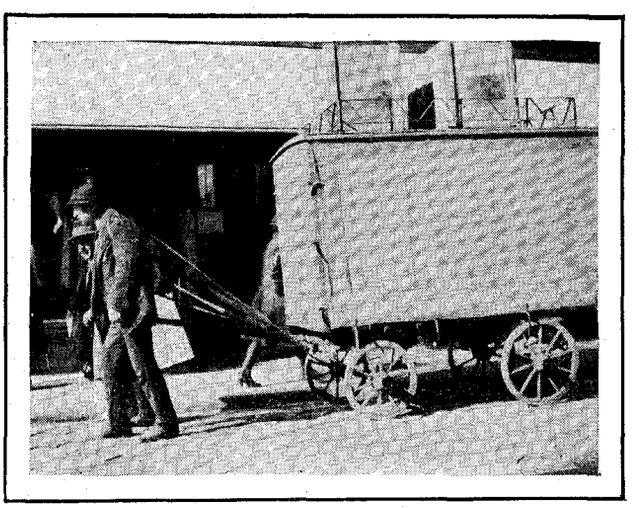


"IN VENICE THE MILK COMES FROM THE MAINLAND IN CANS—AND BOATS. I UNDERSTAND THEY NOW EMPLOY A COLOR TEST—THE WATERS OF THE CANAL ARE NONE TOO CLEAR—AND WHERE MILK REACHES THE CANAL DWELLER ONLY 67 PER CENT WHITE SOME ONE IS SHOT AT SUNRISE"



THIS AUSTRIAN LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE FRANCIS JOSEPH

This reminds us that if the old Emperor could have been doing such a useful thing as hauling a carload of merchandise through the streets of Vienna on that fatal day, he probably would not have spoiled his good work by declaring war on Serbia and the world



WE AMERICANS TALK A GOOD DEAL ABOUT "TEAM-WORK," BUT THIS EUROPEAN KIND IS UNKNOWN TO US

The pavement, it will be noted, is not by any means equal to asphalt, and a load such as the one these ill-matched men are pulling would be a heavy burden on the best of pavements

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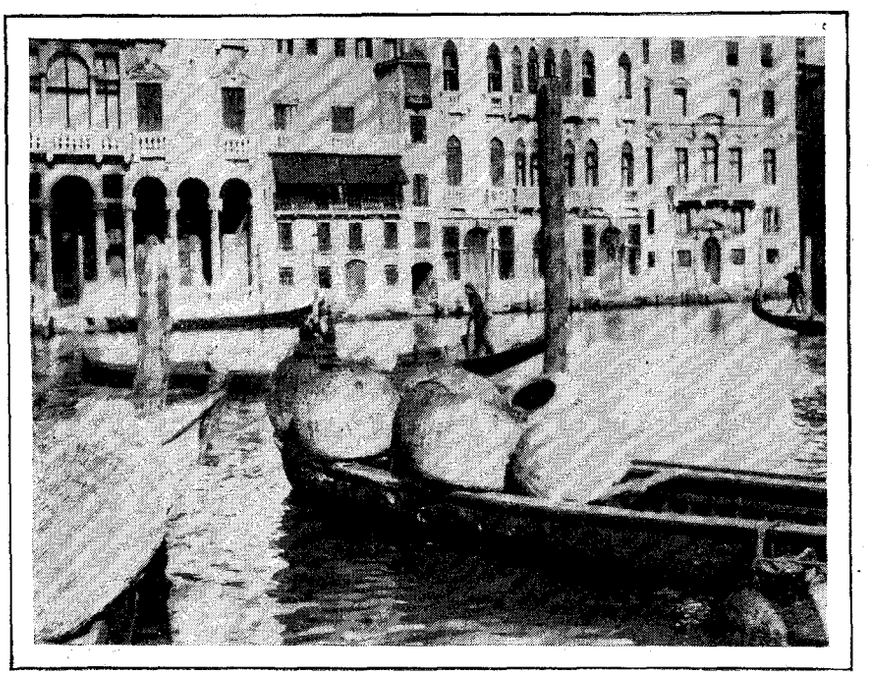
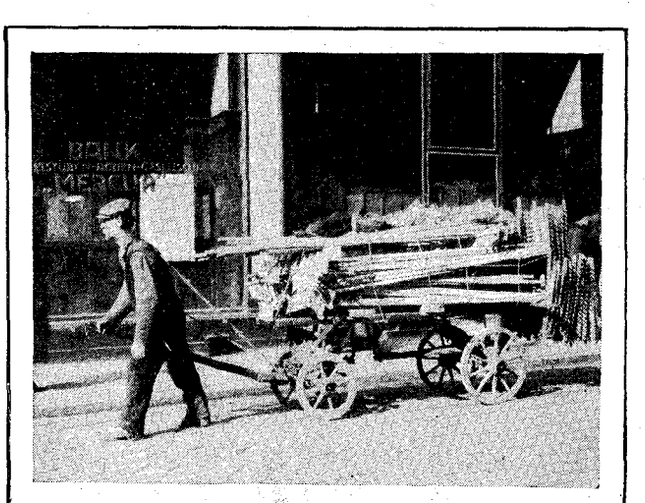
"IN VENICE THE FISH ARE GROWN IN BASKETS IN THE BACK YARD, SO I WAS TOLD, . . . LIFTED FROM THE WATER, DRAINED, AND PLACED IN THE SUN IN A BOAT. . . . LATER THE DRIED FISH ARE DELIVERED TO THE MARKET IN THE SAME BOAT"



A MILK WAGON IN METZ.—"WE MAY LEARN MANY LESSONS FROM EUROPE, INCLUDING A LARGER USE OF HAND-CARTS"

A COMPOSITE UNIT IN THE STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT OF VIENNA



"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS IS COMMON IN EUROPE

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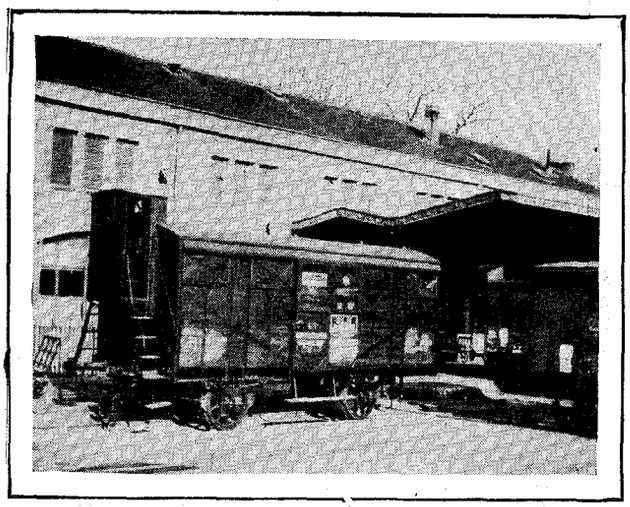
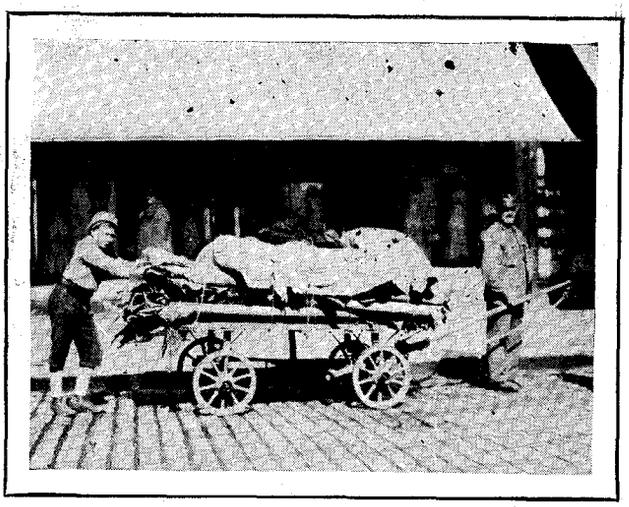


A TEN-TON EUROPEAN FREIGHT CAR



A LOAD OF LEATHER IN VIENNA

the experiment in democracy since the armistice has been tragic.

Austria has been slaughtered by imperialism, dismembered by Allied commissions, and looted by democracy, but the other two were as nothing compared to the plague of democracy.

Yes, I know I am writing about transportation. But the wheels in the heads of the well-intentioned democrats must be visualized in order to understand why people have to make dray-horses of themselves in Austria now.

After the armistice the popular Government took over the food business, the railways, and too many other things to mention here. There were jobs for all, and a low cost of living. Incidentally, the Government lost money. They paid the deficits promptly in new paper money. This worked so well that the business increased; so did the deficits and the paper money. It was unfortunate, but the value of the paper kronen went down about in proportion to the increase of the quantity printed. People with fixed incomes found they were in trouble. Rents were not allowed to be increased, so a man who had a monthly income of five hundred kronen (with a pre-war value of one hundred dollars) found prices of necessities so high he couldn't live more than two or three days, because his five hundred kronen were worth perhaps not more than one dollar. (The present value of the krone is only about one-hundredth of its pre-war value, and one-fiftieth of its value on armistice day.) So this *petit bourgeoise* had to work or starve. If he had a hand-cart, he was lucky, because then he could go into the delivery business and add some income to the rent from his houses.

Wages have increased in Austria, but not in proportion to the cost of living; hence the social distress—almost all caused by experiments in social government since the war.

The United States seems thousands of miles away from these European conditions, geographically and socially, yet many a half-baked leader among us has said: "The old order has passed away, a new day has dawned, and *the people* are to come into their own." This is what the politicians said in Austria before election. They tried to make good after election.

The resulting burdens on the people can be duplicated in this country. We already pay more taxes per capita than any country in Europe.

This discussion of what Europe can teach us would not be complete without a reference to their large canal boats and small freight cars.

Their canals were developed centuries ago, long before railway problems were known. They form a network all over Europe, and with the standard canal boat between two and three hundred feet long, they move immense quantities of material at low costs, especially fuel and building material. They are generally pulled by horses, but occasionally men and women hitch themselves to what seems an impossible load and move it for miles.

There is no question about the cheapness of such transportation, especially when the canals are already built and no burden of modern bonded debt is the penalty of their use.

The small freight car may also give Europe an advantage over us.

There are generally two sides to questions. The large United States standard freight car requires a minimum of, say, thirty tons. If an American shipper has that much material, the car is loaded and goes a thousand miles or more with no rehandling of the load. But what about the shipment of ten tons? In Europe that represents their car-load minimum, and they send it anywhere without rehandling and at the car-load rate, but the shipper in the United States who wants to forward ten tons must do it as local freight, at local rates. It must be rehandled at junction points and at terminals, causing great delay and great labor cost.

I am not advising any change here. I am merely showing where Europe has cheaper costs, and why. We may learn many lessons, including a larger use of hand-carts and wheelbarrows.

PULLING A TWO-HUNDRED-FOOT CANAL-BOAT IN BELGIUM. WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO WHEN HE HAS TO! LIKE A HORSE, HE PULLS BY THE USE OF A BREASTBAND

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THE SISTERS

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

THE Martha-in-me filled her days
With tasks devoid of joy and praise:
She polished well the furniture;
She made the locks and bolts secure;
She trimmed the lamps with barren ease;
She rubbed the ivory of the keys;
She made the windows shine and glow;
She washed the linen fair as snow.

The Mary-in-me did not stay
At home, as Martha did, each day:
She held aloof like some wild bird
Whose music is but seldom heard.
My Martha felt a little shy
Of Mary as she passed her by,
And one day hid the cloth and broom
With which she garnishes my room.
When Mary saw, she paused and pressed
A hand of Martha to her breast,
And whispered, "We must learn to do
Our labors side by side, we two."

So have the sisters found delight
In doing fireside tasks aright:
Together they have come to see
The meaning in mahogany,
Which now they rub that there may pass
A pageant in its looking-glass;
They shine the windows that the bloom
Of earth be brought within my room;
The lamps are gladly filled and trimmed,
And virgin wisdom goes undimmed;
They polish the piano keys
In readiness for harmonies;
In bolting doors they've learned as well
To throw them wide for heaven and hell,
That all who will may enter there
To be the guests of grace and prayer.

Mary and Martha in sisterhood
Dwell in me as sisters should;
They fashion a garment and kiss its hem,
And my house is in order because of them.

THE PAGEANT AT PLYMOUTH

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

A NEW and notable piece of American dramatic literature has come out of the celebration of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims. It is by George Pierce Baker, Professor of Dramatic Literature at Harvard University; it is called "The Pilgrim Spirit;"[1] and it was performed a dozen times during July and August by the people of Plymouth, Massachusetts, before audiences which aggregated about one hundred thousand persons.

It was called a "pageant," which was perhaps a little misleading and disconcerting. Over-enthusiastic amateurs have in recent years been producing rather too many pageants. History has been unfolded a bit too liberally by eager, half-trained people celebrating this or that centenary; and wise folk have grown wary of pageants, seeing visions of wearisome processions, of conventional dances, of undramatic and unconnected tableaux, of symbolism which failed to symbolize, and tangled allegory which no one could unravel; admitting the virtues of the pageant in stimulating community feeling, but regarding it, in spite of Mr. Percy MacKaye's brilliant adventures in that field, as a form of human activity more closely related to sociology than to art. Professor Baker's work is not a pageant at all if by the word pageant we define those spectacles, some of them involved and tedious, some of them childish and tedious, and some of them only tedious, which have bored millions of honest citizens who did not have the courage to confess how bored they were. It is no more specifically a pageant than any of Shakespeare's chronicle histories. It is a historical drama, built about an idea, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, sure-footed and lucid in development, swift in action, crisp in dialogue, a deeply moving play of human conflict and sacrifice, tied as closely to the America of to-day and to-morrow as to the America of three hundred years ago.

The play was produced after nightfall on a piece of land, adjoining Plymouth Rock, recently reclaimed to form part of the National Pilgrim Reservation, a permanent memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers to be established jointly by the State of Massachusetts and the Federal Government. The great oval stage, some five or six hundred feet across, with a depth of four hundred feet or more, had only the night sea under a night sky for back-drop; and on it, here or there, picked out by powerful lights, or moving across it in brilliant masses, the dramatic scenes swiftly succeeded one another. The actors were without exception amateurs—men, women, and children of Plymouth and the

[1] The Pilgrim Spirit: A Pageant in Celebration of the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 21, 1620. By George Pierce Baker. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

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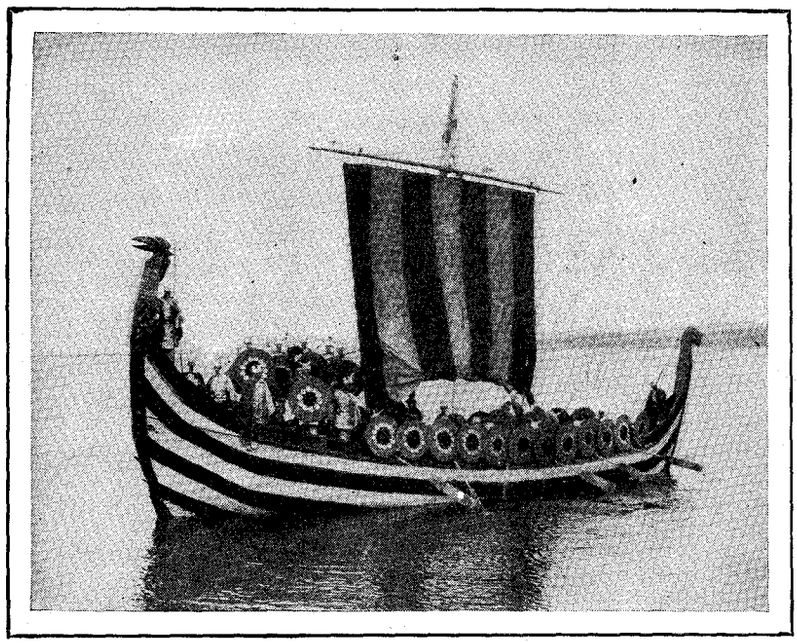

THE NORSE GALLEY

neighboring villages of Kingston, Duxbury, and Marshfield, twelve hundred of them all told. In the list of them the old illustrious names recur—Delano, Bradford, Howland, Brewster; but the majority have a different sound. O'Brien and McClosky are there, and Stegmaier and Birnstein and Rodrigues and Borghesani and Siebenlist and Kaplowitz and Nordstrom and Scagliarini. Over half the Americans joining thus actively to celebrate the coming of the Mayflower three hundred years after the event were, in fact, of foreign birth or parentage, in the main Italians and Portuguese; a matter which might be a subject for gloomy meditation except for the fact that they re-enacted the old scenes with such extraordinary fervor. In them too, perhaps, some of the "pilgrim spirit" burned. To some of them surely those scenes of persecution and exile and bitter trials in a strange land must have appeared painfully real.

The play moves swiftly. At the opening, across a dark stage, from the direction of Plymouth Rock comes the Voice of the Rock, stating the theme: "I, the rock of Plymouth, speak to you, Americans. . . . Of me, a rock in the ooze, they have made a corner-stone of the Republic." The voice dies away, the orchestra begins the Prelude, and suddenly, as the lights flash on the water, they reveal, moving toward shore, a Norse galley bringing the first of the half-dozen "Pilgrim Adventurers," who preceded the actual Pilgrims to Cape Cod. Out of the darkness glide a half-dozen Indian canoes. There is a sharp skirmish, the Norse chieftain is borne away, dead, on the shoulders of his men, the lights go out, the scene is over.

The lights fall on another part of the stage. The English mariner Pring is shown in friendly intercourse with the Indians. Darkness. A third group of Indians stands revealed, to whom the Sieur de Champlain, with his men in capes of brilliant purple and vivid green, comes to learn of fish in the harbor and corn on the land. The Dutch Admiral Blok is shown in a brief scene, then the Englishman John Smith; then another Englishman, Thomas Hunt, who ruthlessly slaughters the Indians and carries several off to captivity. Thomas Dermer comes in a friendlier spirit and lays the foundations for the friendship between the English and the Indian chieftains Samoset and Massasoit, on which the statesmanlike John Carver is later to build a valuable alliance. Swiftly and with extraordinary variety of grouping and incident the pre-Pilgrim background is revealed; and the First Episode is over.

There is no intermission. As darkness falls on the preceding scene there is a distant sound of men's voices chanting, and the second act, entitled "Pilgrims of the Soul," begins. We are back a hundred years, in England, in 1523. A group of religious pilgrims is revealed crossing a field where a boy is plowing. To them comes William Tyndale, telling of his labors in translating the Bible. The leader of the group is menacing. "If God spare my life," cries Tyndale, "in not many years I will cause a boy that doth drive a plow shall know more of Scripture than thou dost." It is the opening gun in the battle whose end is not yet.

Darkness is over the scene. A slender shaft of light reveals a little group of three, pathetically insignificant and desolate on the wide expanse of dark and empty stage. It is Greenwood and Barrow in the Fleet Prison in 1593, confined for reading that Bible which Tyndale has revealed to them, and now sending directions through Greenwood's wife to brethren in Holland. A jailer comes with the order that they are to be hanged at dawn. The light dies on the praying figures. An instant later the stage is flooded with brightness. It is 1603. King James is on his way from Edinburgh to London to be crowned King. The procession is gorgeous to the last detail in brilliant color and grouping. Town dignitaries advance to do honor to the monarch; the Sheriff of Nottingham comes with his men. Scarlet and gold and glittering helmets, champing horses and the stately music of a triumphal march, emphasized on the one hand by the obeisance of the citizens and on the other by the rasping voice and lordly gesture of James, make vivid that here is the Divine Right of Kings at the peak of arrogance and pomp. Confronting it, drab and altogether insignificant, stands a little group of Puritans presenting the Millenary Petition. The voice of the King (in real life a mechanic of Plymouth) is extraordinarily convincing. "A Puritan is a Protestant scared out of his wits!" he exclaims to his retinue—and the words are authentic history. "I shall make them conform or I will harry them out of this land—or else do worse."

The bagpipes skirl, the crowd huzzas. Brilliant, powerful, arrogant, the procession moves off, leaving the little group of petitioners alone. As they gaze helplessly at the departing King an unseen chorus breaks forth in a glorification of absolutism. Through it, first faintly and uncertainly, comes the voice of the new order. The two forces grapple, and gradually the new order becomes dominant:

> Thunder and cry out!
> Not with the flash of a sword,
> Not with a shout will ye turn and rout
> A host whose captain is the Lord!
> Harry, imprison, pursue!
> Your foe is not what you deem.
> In the black night, face to face with you,
> Behold, not men but a dream!

Not the downfall of King James, but the downfall of all kings, is presaged in the triumphant climax. The pomp and the arrogance are dust under the feet of the irresistible dream.

The familiar Pilgrim figures are now revealed—Brewster, Carver, Robinson, Bradford, Standish. At Scrooby they decide secretly to emigrate to Holland; on the shore at Haltonskittershaven they are for the moment foiled and driven back. The second act ends in defeat.

In a rapid succession of scenes the story of the Pilgrims is unfolded. The various characters stand clearly outlined; the dialogue, based to a large extent on words recorded by Bradford in his history, has dignity as well as the carrying quality of drama. The scenes are stirring—first, the momentous decision to leave the comparative security of Leyden, then the departure; the profoundly significant signing of the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower; the landing, first at Provincetown, then at Plymouth. The Pilgrims establish themselves, and in their dealings with the

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Indians present what has remained the ideal of the best American statesmanship—frankness, justice, and good will backed by force. "We are so few," cries Mrs. Brewster. "But prepared," answers the valiant Standish. "If it comes time to strike, we shall strike first and strike hard."

Pestilence comes to the Colony; half the settlers die; but it is youth which survives. Gradually the Colony finds itself. Government by the consent of the governed proves stable; but foes appear, not without, but within. Some of the newcomers to the Colony come merely for selfish gains; they seek to sow discord. When communism proves impractical and is given up, they still insist on reaping where they have not sown, refusing either to work or to pay taxes. They spread lies at home and in England; they seek to turn the Indians against the colonists. "Return to England, whoever wishes and can," cries Governor Bradford sternly. "But let him who remains know this: No man who works shall starve, but he who has, must work for what he gets, and must share in the common defense."

The malcontents, after attempting to set fire to the storehouse, are brought to trial. The evidence against them is overwhelming.

There is something very stirring to twentieth-century American ears in Governor Bradford's charge: "Coming among us as friends, this man Lyford and his fellow Oldham have plotted to kill that for which we left England, for which we crossed the Atlantic, which we have enjoyed these last four years—government by and for ourselves in town and church. Accepting of us, pretending to be of us, they have plotted against that which is dearer to us than our lives. [*Rising.*] John Oldham and John Lyford, you are expelled from the settlement of Plymouth."

One wonders what sympathy would the doughty Governor have had with the radicals who in 1919 appealed to the memory of the Mayflower when *they* were "expelled from the settlement."

"Let this be for a warning," Bradford concludes, "that what we established here for personal liberty and self-government, that will we hold as a heritage for our children and our children's children."

The voice of Washington is heard, the voice of Lincoln; then two youthful figures in modern dress appear, speaking the first lines of the final chorus, written by Robert Frost:

FIRST SPEAKER

This was the port of entry for our freedom.
Men brought it in a box of alabaster,
And broke the box, and spilled it to the west
Here on the granite wharf prepared for them.

SECOND SPEAKER

And so we have it.

FIRST SPEAKER

Have it to achieve;
We have it as they had it in their day,
A little in the grasp—more to achieve.
I wonder what the Pilgrims if they came
Would say to us as freemen? Is our freedom
Their freedom as they left it in our keeping—
Or would they know their own in modern guise?

THE SIGNING OF THE COMPACT

There is a clash of cymbals. Up the steep slope out of the sea, literally "over the top," leap, as if in answer, the flags of the Allies and are borne forward.

Once more the Voice of the Rock is heard: "The path of the Mayflower must forever be kept free;" and as two hundred voices ring out, singing the words of the Chorus, the thousand or more participants march and countermarch in a final review that is a delight of dazzling color, the lights go out, and the pageant is over.

Professor Baker's "Pilgrim Spirit" has the sincerity, the simplicity, the beauty, and the imaginative quality which we associate with lasting literature. It is American to the core in its glorification of the principle of religious and political freedom. Mr. Baker evidently conceived the play as a nation's, and not an individual's, tribute; for he invited composers representing different parts of the country and different schools of musical expression to compose the incidental music, and a number of poets, of whom Edwin Arlington Robinson, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Robert Frost are the most distinguished, to write the choruses. The composers represented practically a cross-section of contemporary American music, Edward Burlingame Hill, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Frederick S. Converse, George W. Chadwick, and Arthur Foote representing the older tradition; Henry F. Gilbert, the middle group; and Chalmers Clifton, Leo Sowerby, and John Powell the moderns. Bellini is said to have remarked on one occasion, "*La musique en plein air n'existe pas*," and to some extent the music at the pageant justified his dictum. Not even an orchestra of ninety pieces could in the wide spaces of even a windless night convey altogether satisfactorily either delicate beauty or volume of sound. The notes, lacking anything in the nature of a sounding-board or a canopy, went astray. Orchestra and chorus sounded remote and a little thin.

The production itself was admirable in every detail and moved with the precision of clockwork, directed from a tower behind the bleachers by Professor Baker himself. It would be difficult to praise too highly the skill of the stage management which conducted twelve hundred totally inexperienced actors in a bare two hours through some twenty-four scenes without the semblance of confusion or hurry. The composition of the scenes themselves was extraordinarily varied and rich, for the costumes, designed by Rollo Peters and made by the women of Plymouth, were full of blazing color, even the sober garments of the Pilgrims revealing more exquisite shades of gray and brown, of lavender and deep green, than one entranced spectator knew existed. There was of course no scenery, and no attempt even to suggest scenery. The episodes lived altogether by their own inherent vitality, and in the sincerity and imaginative quality of the dialogue established about themselves an atmosphere of authenticity which no painted canvas could ever create.

It was the play which was the thing. Everything else was incidental, and to one spectator, at least, unimportant. The play could be given in any theater or in any schoolroom, and so long as it were given with reverence and sincerity the quality which made it deeply moving on the great stage beside Plymouth Rock would make it deeply moving there. It is a striking thing that the man who more conspicuously and more successfully than any one else in America has for a generation been training young men and young women in the making of plays should have written a play himself which is not only finer, perhaps, than any play which his students have written, but is almost the only American historical drama worthy to stand beside Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln."

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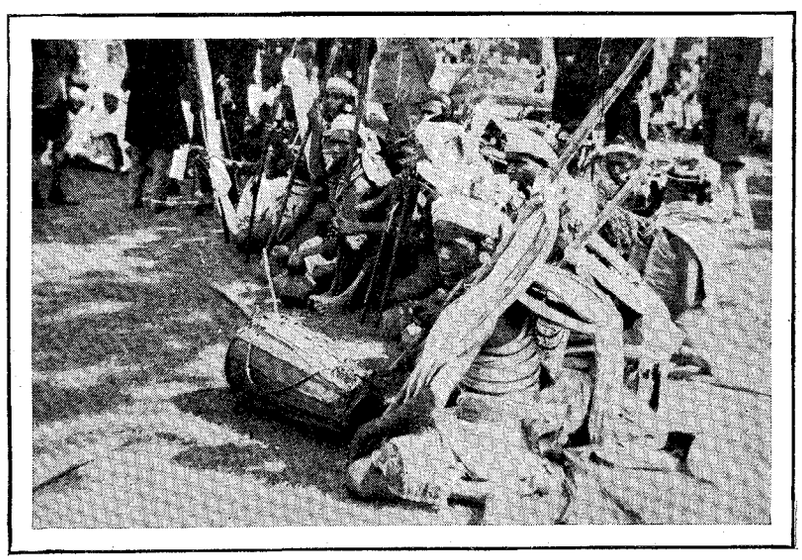
A GOND WEDDING IN INDIA

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE BEST MAN AND THE BRIDESMAIDS

MUSICIANS

The Gonds, our informant writes, are the original inhabitants of India, who have been driven into the forests by the inroads of civilization. They retain their old customs and language and continue a life of complete isolation from the cities. In these pictures they are seen in their wedding costumes. On such occasions the guests, in their full regalia (which indicates that, as with other wild tribes, decoration is with them more important than dress as such), take an active part in the dancing. The music is of a primitive type, made with drums and bamboo pipes. A marriage festival is the occasion of great rejoicing and the Gonds are then to be seen at their best



GUESTS ASSEMBLED FOR THE DANCE

From M. A. Hasan, Nagpur, India

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE FOURFOLD CAREER OF WHITELAW REID

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

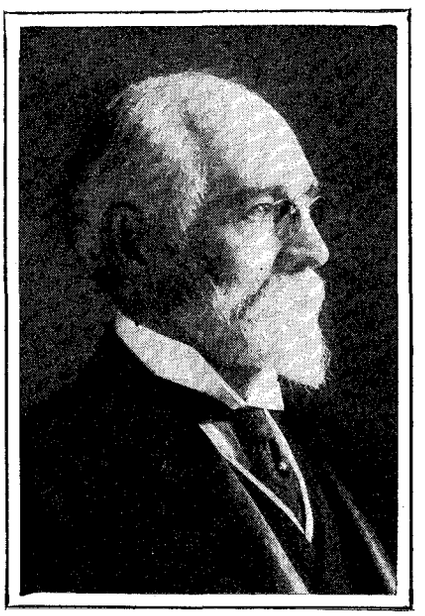
WHITELAW REID fulfilled four functions in American history: he was a war correspondent, an editor, a political manager, and a diplomat.

As war correspondent he was one of the first of a profession which by its letters to the American press rendered great service to this country during the Civil War and by its letters to the press of Italy, France, Great Britain, and the United States still greater service to the world during the Great World War. Success in this profession requires a combination of qualities not often to be found in one individual: courage, enterprise, initiative, keenness and quickness of mind, knowledge of men, love of truth, and literary skill. All of these qualities Whitelaw Reid possessed.

From war correspondent he graduated to become Horace Greeley's second in the editorship of the New York "Tribune." Editors are of two kinds—writers and administrators. Mr. Greeley won his fame and influence as an editorial writer. He was as devoted to certain political principles as ever was an apostle to the tenets of his religious faith. He was the most passionate and powerful editorial writer of his time. William Lloyd Garrison was as passionate, but his implacable spirit and his lack of common sense made him ineffectual, except to a small though not insignificant body of disciples. Whitelaw Reid won his place and influence by his administration. He was a good writer, but his leaders were too judicial, too well balanced, too carefully considered, to strike fire as did the more vehement utterances of his chief. Nevertheless Mr. Cortissoz's chapter entitled "An Editor's Methods" is well worth careful reading by any young person ambitious of making journalism his profession.

Mr. Reid is not the only man who has attempted to be both a great editor and a great political manager, and it is not strange that he failed in an endeavor to play a double part in which no one ever succeeded. His political adroitness enabled him to secure the nomination of Horace Greeley to the Presidency, though his better judgment compelled him as a politician to disapprove the nomination. No real independent at that time could have anticipated anything but the disastrous failure which followed in the election.

When four years later Mr. Hayes succeeded to the Presidency, with a divided party giving him a half-hearted support, a wise political manager would not have demanded impossibilities of so honest, able, and independent a President. Mr. Hayes had critics enough barking at his heels, furnished by the professional politicians of both the political parties. A little warm, generous, uncritical support from the New York "Tribune" would have made Mr. Hayes's endeavor to



WHITELAW REID

cleanse the Augean stables easier and might have made it more successful; but Mr. Reid, who when Greeley was nominated merged the editor in the political manager, when Mr. Hayes was elected forgot the political manager in the editor.

In the main, however, his political ambitions were dominant, and, though we believe he remained nominal editor of the "Tribune" to the end, the last years of his life were spent in the diplomatic service of his country. His most distinguished service was rendered, probably, in the part he took in the difficult and successful negotiation of the treaty with Spain at the end of the Spanish-American War.

Mr. Cortissoz's two volumes give a history of the forty-odd years of Mr. Reid's public life more valuable to the special student than to the general reader. There is usually something like half or three-quarters of a century of the world's life concerning which the average citizen is comparatively ignorant—that which immediately antedates his own active life. It is so recent that the historian has not yet interpreted it; it is so remote that the periodical and daily press have dismissed it. Mr. Cortissoz in narrating Mr. Reid's share in the events of that half-century assumes a knowledge of them which this generation does not possess. Thus, to give but one illustration, his chapter on the "Cipher Dispatches" gives interesting details respecting their accidental discovery and respecting the ingenuity required in deciphering them. But we venture to affirm that not one American recent college graduate in ten, probably not one in fifty, and practically no recent high school graduate, knows what the Cipher Dispatches are and what light their discovery and publication throws on the hotly contested Hayes-Tilden Presidential campaign. A better historical background would have made clearer to the general reader of this generation the not unimportant part which Whitelaw Reid played in a critical period of American history.

[1] The Life of Whitelaw Reid. By Royal Cortissoz. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CHILDREN OF THE WHIRLWIND. By Leroy Scott. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Criminals, detectives good and bad, a police captain who is more objectionable than any of the criminals, a painter who is forced to become a genius despite himself, a convict who has served his term and is almost a miracle of moral purpose and gentlemanly manners, his fine old pawnbroking grandmother who is a friend of thieves but not a thief, and other figures in New York City's underworld and fashionable world figure in this story. It has abundance of plot—in fact, superabundance, for to make everything and everybody come out all right at the end is a complex task.

GALUSHA THE MAGNIFICENT. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Lincoln gives us here a new Cape Cod story with characters as quaint and human as those of his other numerous and always popular stories. He does not, it seems to us, quite reach as high a degree of success in dealing with motive and character as he did in "The Portygee," which marked a distinct development in his grasp on the art of fiction.

GRINDING (THE). By Clara Boise Bush. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

This is a tale of life in the Louisiana sugar-growing country. The title has a double reference, to the culmination of the sugar product and to the process by which a young, fashionable, and helpless society girl finds out what work and life mean. The minor characters, Cajuns and Negroes, are cleverly drawn. The construction of the story might be improved, but otherwise it is of rather unusual quality and promises well for future work from this author.

HEEL OF ACHILLES (THE). By E. M. Delafield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The Lydia about whom this story revolves is clever in making people do things, and is witty and ambitious. All

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her life she almost succeeds in doing what she wants, but not quite. Finally she concludes that the trouble was indicated in a remark she overheard some one make about her, namely, that she was "a situation-snatcher"—that is, that her cleverness led her to pose in the limelight so much that she gained more admiration than friendship. One way in which she made headway was by remembering her grandfather's remark, "Always let the other people talk about themselves." There is a good deal that is animated and not a little that is cynical about the talk in this book.

LOW CEILINGS. By W. Douglas Newton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

The title indicates the repression and confinement which beset people who have no love for the open air in social life and intellectual intercourse. A young man subject all his days to this atmosphere finds it hard to break away from smug conventions, fear of what people will say, and distress at anything said or done out of the ruts of narrow-mindedness. Then comes the war, and this and the influence of just the right man and just the right girl open visions of liberty and free our young friend from "low ceilings" forever. The dialogue is decidedly good; the construction not remarkably so.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF JAPAN (AN). By Katsuro Hara. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The author is a professor in the College of Literature of Kyoto University, and his book affords an excellent synopsis of the history of his country from the seventh century to the restoration of the Meidji and the granting of a Constitution in 1889. Of interest to those who seek knowledge of Japan's past, it will be found useful in achieving greater familiarity with the traditions of her art and literature.

BIOGRAPHY

JOHN KEATS MEMORIAL VOLUME (THE). Issued by the Keats House Memorial Committee. The John Lane Company, New York.

This sumptuous volume, a notable example of English book-making at its best, was issued on the centenary of the poet's death by the Committee which recently purchased as a permanent memorial the house in Hampstead in which the poet resided in 1818 and composed the "Ode to a Nightingale." That the funds acquired by its sale will go toward the purchase and maintenance of this memorial should of itself assure the volume a wide distribution among lovers of poetry. To collectors of Keatsiana it affords a unique opportunity to acquire an important contribution to the body of critical literature and personalia relating to the poet.

But this volume is something more than a collector's book. Planned to celebrate the beauty which is peculiarly the common heritage of England and America, it gives the lover of literature an insight into those qualities of spirit which have won for Keats the enduring love of poets and men of letters throughout the world. The contributions to this "Memorial Volume," originating in large measure in England and the United States, nevertheless include representative tributes from Continental and Oriental writers, and thus constitute a significant addition to the study of Keats's works by which we may estimate the influence of his art upon the culture and tradition of contemporary literature in many lands.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

ESSAYS IN BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION. By Henry Preserved Smith. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $2.50.

The author, in his preface, modestly says, "This book does not claim to be a history of Biblical interpretation." Nevertheless the Essays are so connected as to furnish something akin to a continuous history; and this history makes it very clear that the modern method of treating the Bible, not as a single book all of whose writings possess equal authority, but as a collection of Hebrew literature which can be fully understood only as we know what can be known concerning the writers who speak and the persons and times to which they were speaking, is no new doctrine, but is only a consummation of a long period of study and of a long succession of interpreters. The conclusion to which modern theology has come has hardly, even in modern times, been more radically expressed than by Luther in the rule: "What urges Christ is Scripture, though written by a Judas; what does not stand this test is not Scripture though written by an Apostle."

SOCIAL EVOLUTION OF RELIGION (THE). By George Willis Cooke. The Stratford Company, Boston. $3.50.

This author presents the human origins of religion in terms of the social history of the race and emphasizes those phases which reflect and interpret the needs and aspirations of mankind. He traces religion through the tribal, feudal, national, international, and universal phases of its evolution. "Whether religion comes to man through instinct, intuition, philosophical insight, revelation, or some form of supernatural intervention, it must ultimately be brought within the compass of the human understanding and fitted to the needs of hoping and sorrowing men and women. It must be reduced to practice, fitted to daily utilities, and made to conform to individual and social demands.

SPIRITUAL VOICES IN MODERN LITERATURE. By Trevor H. Davies. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

A series of ten essays originally delivered by Dr. Davies as lecturer in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. Criticism of these lectures as essays in the interpretation of literature is disarmed by the author's statement that he "was not attempting essays in literature, but the enforcement of Christian truth." The fact that these two aims should be considered absolutely disparate by the author is perhaps a sufficient indication of his point of view and the interest of his book to lovers of literature. The subjects taken up include Francis Thompson, Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Ruskin's "Seven Lamps," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," and others.

THIRTEEN PRINCIPAL UPANISHADS (THE). Translated from the Sanskrit with an Outline of the Philosophy of the Upanishads and an Annotated Bibliography by Robert Ernest Hume, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of the History of Religions in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, New York.

"To every Indian Brahman to-day Upanishads are what the New Testament is to the Christian." But the difference in the point of view, or habit of thought, between the East and the West is so great that the ordinary American reader can make but little out of the original foundations of Oriental philosophy. For them that philosophy must be translated, not merely into the English language, but into the English forms of thought; and even then it seems hardly thinkable. The American thinks of men as a collection of individuals each complete in himself, whose connection with other individuals is voluntary and incidental, if not accidental; and he thinks of God as another individual dealing with men as their Creator, their Ruler, or, perhaps, their Friend. The Oriental thinks of God as the Great Spirit breathing through men who variously interpret him, as the air breathes through the pipes of an organ whose various voices are the utterances of one infinite and all-pervading breath. His thought finds expression in the following verse, which Mr. Hume puts as a motto at the beginning of his volume:

> The One who, himself without color,
> by the manifold application of his power
> Distributes many colors in his hidden purpose,
> And into whom, its end and its beginning, the whole world dissolves—He is God!
> May He endow us with clear intellect!

Professor William James, in a letter to Henri Bergson, expresses the same idea, though not necessarily his own philosophy, in the following sentence: "The brain is an organ of *filtration* for spiritual life." It is this radical difference between the assumptions, or the approaches, or the points of view, or the methods of thought, which leads Rudyard Kipling to say that East and West can never meet. Yet if the Oriental is too dreamy and mystical in his universalism, the Americans are too crass in their individualism; and, while it is true that neither can adopt the philosophy of the other, it is also true that each can learn something by comprehending the philosophy of the other. To the average American reader Professor Hume's book will be an enigma; but to the catholic-minded student it will be valuable both for the interpretation it brings and for the intellectual stimulant which it furnishes.

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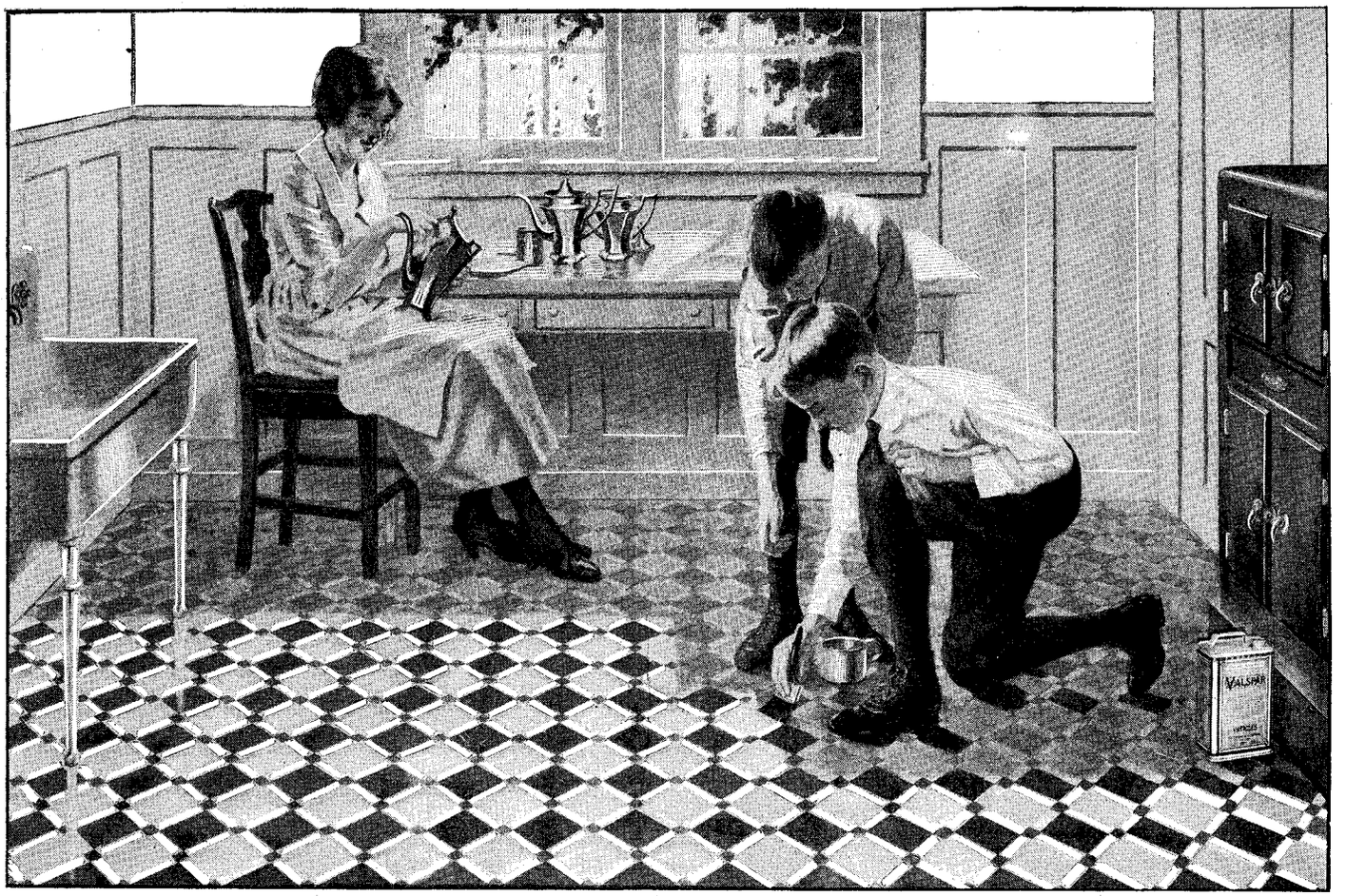

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THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND MR. ROGERS'S ARTICLE

IN Sherman Rogers's article on "Employee Representation," which is published in this issue, there is an account of the methods employed for co-operation between employer and employee in the Pennsylvania Railroad. It seemed to us desirable, if any criticism or comment were to be made on this article by the authorities of the railroad, our readers should have it at the same time with the article. As the article was about to go to press, therefore, we sent a galley proof to General W. W. Atterbury, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania in Charge of Operation, with a letter, and received a reply. Both letters are subjoined:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
Three-Eighty-One Fourth Avenue
New York

E. H. A.—C.
Enclosure

August 15, 1921.

Dear Sir:

We enclose you a galley proof of an article on "Employee Representation" written by our Industrial Correspondent, Sherman Rogers. There are some pointed remarks in this article regarding the adoption of employee representation by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

While neither The Outlook nor Sherman Rogers would change the article in the slightest degree as set up in the enclosed proof, unless of course to correct any possible errors in grammar or typography, we would gladly print any criticism within reasonable limits which you may make of his remarks in the issue in which his article appears, which will be under date of August 31st.

Yours very truly,
The Editors of The Outlook.
(Signed) ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Gen. W. W. Atterbury, Vice President,
Pennsylvania Railroad,
Executive Offices, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY
General Office, Broad Street Station
Philadelphia

W. W. Atterbury,
Vice President in charge of Operation.

August 17, 1921.

Mr. Ernest H. Abbott,
Secretary, The Outlook Company,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for your letter of August 15th, enclosing galley proof of an article entitled "Employee Representation" written by Mr. Sherman Rogers, which will appear in the August 31st issue of The Outlook.

In my judgment, this article is a very fair statement of the underlying principles and success of employe representation and covers in a general way what we are trying to accomplish on the Pennsylvania Railroad in our efforts to get together with our employes on a mutually satisfactory basis.

It may interest you to know, however, that we feel that the recent decision of the United States Railroad Labor Board in the case of the Shop Crafts Union if applied to any of the industries mentioned in this article would completely destroy real employe representation.

Employe representation on the Pennsylvania Railroad is now in effect.

A majority of our employes want to deal with the management through employe representatives.

About 175,000 employes on this railroad are interested in rules covering working conditions. About 117,000 of these employes have expressed a desire to negotiate rules through employe representatives.

The employe representatives who have been elected have acted in good faith with the management. The management has acted in good faith with them. Manifestly, the rights and interests of these representatives and the employes whom they represent must be recognized and protected.

This decision of the Labor Board, however, would destroy real employe representation on this railroad.

Our objection to the decision is based on the grounds that:

1. It makes a national labor union, whose officers are not employes, eligible to represent our men.

2. It discriminates in favor of the union itself as a candidate and against the non-union candidate.

3. If the union as an organization were elected, the non-union man would have no voice in determining the conditions under which he must work.

4. It gives thousands of men who are no longer employes an opportunity to vote on equal terms with men who are employes.

5. The whole effect of the ballot required under the decision is to compel the non-union man to join the union in order to have a voice in matters affecting his welfare.

6. It violates a fundamental right of employer and employes to deal directly with each other in settling their own affairs.

7. It would destroy the validity of contracts freely entered into between the officers of this railroad and their employes although these contracts are mutually satisfactory.

8. It would not be fair to the employes or to the railroad, to say nothing about the public.

Briefly, the facts of this case are as follows:

The management is doing its utmost to carry out the provisions of the Transportation Act in getting together with its employes on a mutually satisfactory basis. At the same time we have consistently and earnestly tried to comply with previous decisions of the Labor Board.

Announcement was made by the Company on May 20, 1921, that all employes would be given an opportunity to have a voice in the management in matters affecting their welfare.

All were given an opportunity to vote for employe representatives, of their own selection, whether union or non-union men. All were urged to exercise their right of franchise without interference on the part of officers or subordinate officials.

A fair, impartial and secret ballot was distributed to all employes. No candidates were mentioned and no names were printed on the ballot either of individuals or of organizations. Employes were entirely free to vote for any employes whom they themselves selected. The ballot gave the union and non-union man equal rights to select union or non-union men to represent them.

Representatives were elected. New schedules of working conditions that are mutually satisfactory have been agreed to and are in effect or are now being formulated for all classes of employes concerned.

Officers of the Shop Crafts Union instructed their membership not to vote. The balance of the employes did vote, however, and the Company recognized the representatives so elected.

The union officers, employed by the railroad, could have nominated themselves and instructed their membership to vote for them, if they so desired, and the management would have recognized them as representatives if they had been elected.

As a matter of fact, some classes of employes have already elected union men to represent them. The management has recognized these representatives and is now dealing with them.

It is contrary to custom in any city, state or national election to require a new election simply because some men refuse or fail to exercise their right to vote. Our Presidents are invariably elected by a minority of the eligible voters.

One of the most objectionable features of this decision is the requirement that men who are not now employes should be furnished a ballot and should be permitted to vote on equal terms with employes. The Labor Board says men "who have been laid off or furloughed and are entitled to return to the service under seniority rules . . . if accessible shall be furnished a ballot and be permitted to vote." There is no sanction in law or otherwise for such a ruling. Many of these furloughed men are now working in outside industries. Under this ruling, employes of other industries would be negotiating working conditions for our employes.

Furthermore, the Labor Board in an Addendum to Decision No. 218, copy of which is enclosed, indicates very plainly that it is not infallible, and that its decisions are subject to change in vital particulars. In this Addendum the Labor Board changes its original decision to the extent of providing for a secret instead of an open ballot (the Pennsylvania Railroad ballot was a real, secret ballot). And the Labor Board says frankly that the open ballot originally proposed was "the established method of taking a ballot among railway labor organizations." It is evident that this form of ballot would be subversive of real democratic representation and would be in the interest of autocratic union domination.

I am very grateful for the opportunity presented in your letter of offering these suggestions in connection with Mr. Rogers' article, for we feel that the whole principle of employe representation is at stake in this issue.

Very truly yours,
W. W. ATTERBURY,
Vice President.

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